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THE RECORDS OF PATERDALE



S. PATRICK'S CHURCH AND YEW TREE.

Photo. by A. Pettit.

FRONTISPIECE.

The Records of Patterdale . . .

Historical and Descriptive
With Illustrations

By
REV. W. P. MORRIS
Rector of Patterdale

“ Beautiful Patterdale, land of rest,
Of all the dales, 'tis loved the best.”

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS

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P R E F A C E.

DURING my rounds of visitation among the Parishioners of Patterdale, I have had occasion many times of hearing something of bygone days in the dale. I have been much interested in their "cracks," especially with some of the oldest inhabitants, and in this way gained a deal of information. In compiling these notes, the dalespeople and others have rendered valuable assistance by lending me books, papers, &c. To one and all of them I give my grateful thanks. The labour of collecting materials to form this book has been to me a pleasant one, and the reward I ask for is :—that the people of Patterdale may take an interest in the welfare of their Church and Parish.

W. P. MORRIS.

Patterdale Rectory,

March 1903.

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CHAPTER I.

The Parish and its Church.

THE Parish of Patterdale extends from Glencoin to within two hundred yards of Kirkstone Inn, a distance of about nine miles. It bears in its place-names ample testimony to the people by whom it was formerly inhabited. While such names as Helvellyn, Glemara, Lamrigg, and Catchediam remind us of its Keltic aborigines, we have abundant evidence in the Dales, Kelds, Becks, Gills, Fells, Hows, Thwaites, and Dods (or Dodds) of those Northmen to whom its modern people owe that sturdy independence, perseverance, and manly vigour which render them such prosperous colonists and tradesmen, and the finest peasantry in Britain.

The Danes, who over-ran and devastated portions of the neighbouring county of Cumberland, perhaps had no settlement in Patterdale.

The Romans, who held military occupation in the district for more than three hundred years, have only left us the trenches of their camps and traces of their roads.

There was a Roman road from Brougham to Papcastle, near Cockermouth. It passed by the camp at Stone Carr, near Penruddock. At Stone Carr a branch from this road turned south by way of Matterdale, where its traces are very distinct, and Patterdale, to the station at Ambleside. The Roman High Street runs along the Fells.

The Roman army and Roman commerce were two main influences in introducing Christianity into Britain at an early date. We know that during the Roman occupation, at the close of the fourth century, a great Roman missionary passed near this parish to carry out his work as an apostle to the Picts of Galloway. This was St. Ninian. He is said to have been a Briton, born on the Cumberland shores of the Solway, and brought up at Rome, and on his way home to have visited Martin, Bishop of Tours, who ordained him to his missionary work, and whose name he gave to the church which he founded in Galloway for his bishopric, and which, from being built of stone, was called the "White House" (*candida casa*, identified by tradition with Whithorn in Wigtonshire). The early British churches were of wood or wattled work.

The labours of St. Ninian are involved in much obscurity, and they are placed by various authorities between A.D. 410 and A.D. 432. The church at Brougham is dedicated to St. Ninian. However,

the fame of St. Ninian was at a very early time eclipsed by that of Patricius (St. Patrick) as the apostle of Ireland.

The true life of St. Patrick is involved by the monkish writers and native annals in a confused number of legends. The only safe guide is the "Confession of St. Patrick," and even the genuineness of this is questioned ; but there is no decisive evidence for or against its genuineness. St. Patrick came of a noble and Christian stock—[Patricius=a patrician or nobleman]—his grandfather (Potitus) being a presbyter and his father (Calphurnius) a deacon, and a man of curial rank, who appears to have held some office in connection with the northern Roman Wall. He is frequently called by the epithet "Briton" (*Brito*), and he himself speaks of being with his parents "in Britanniis," and names as his birthplace the village of "Bonavem Taberniæ," which is commonly identified with the place near Dumbarton, to which the local tradition has preserved the name of Kilpatrick—*i.e.*, St. Patrick's Cell or Church. His native name is said to have been Succath, but a doubt is thrown on this by the Roman names of his father and grandfather. The traditional date of his birth (A.D. 372), coupled with that of his death (A.D. 492 or 493), demands the belief that he lived 120 years, and some authorities make it longer. These difficulties are, perhaps, created by the attempt of his biographers

to place his mission earlier than its proper date. It is said that at the age of sixteen Patrick was taken prisoner by the Scots, whose piratical vessels infested the coast, and was carried off to Ireland, where he was employed as a shepherd. In his solitary meditations, his sense of his own lost state awakened the earnest desire to preach the Gospel to the heathen natives around him ; and, on recovering his liberty, he devoted himself to the work [Smith]. The commencement of his mission is usually placed in A.D. 432, but one Irish authority places it above half-a-century later.

Be that as it may, we are told that on his evangelising tours he passed through Patterdale, and during his short stay here he caused a church to be built (probably of wood), and that he also baptised a number of the inhabitants at a well, and the district was afterwards known as Patrickdale. This well would be near the church, but there is no foundation for supposing that the St. Patrick's Well of the present day is the original one, as it was only built some few years ago.* In the

* Bishop Osbaldiston paid a visit to the dale in 1760, and when the present-day well was pointed out to him, he said it could not be the original one. It was surrounded by four square stones, which were placed there by visitors to satisfy their idle curiosity, and from that day to this it has been named after the saint. Richard Osbaldiston was Bishop of Carlisle from 1747 to 1762, after which he became Bishop of London, and died in 1764. His successor to the See of Carlisle, Charles Lyttleton, when Dean of Exeter, examined a well near the church which, he said, was most probably the correct spot. Charles Lyttleton was a zealous antiquary, and was for some time president of the Antiquarian Society. He died December 22nd, 1768.

Register of the Bishop of Carlisle for 1581, Patterdale is mentioned as "Patrickdale;" but, like many other names, it has been abbreviated, and so has become "Patterdale."

After St. Patrick's time, the country was overrun for years by the Teutonic heathens. Then other missionaries came and replanted the Christian faith. We see from all this that the Christian religion was in Patterdale at a very early period. Now comes the question—"Where did St. Patrick plant his church in this dale?" I would ascribe the place somewhere near the church of 1850—that is, the present one's predecessor. His church, being built of wood, would in time decay and fall away. A church at one time existed in the early centuries on Boardale Hause, and it is a fact that the remains of a building can be seen to this day. I spent some hours in the year 1901 in examining the stones and the immediate surroundings. Some of the larger stones undoubtedly had been used many years ago for something better than what they are used for to-day. The building must have been small, but perhaps large enough to serve the dales—Patterdale, Boardale, and Martindale.

Wordsworth mentions this particular building on the Hause in his book published in 1843 :—

Before we begin to descend, we turned aside to a small ruin, called at this day the chapel, where it is said the inhabitants of Martindale and Patterdale were accustomed to assemble

for worship. There are now no traces from which you could infer for what use the building had been erected; the loose stones, and the few that yet continue piled up, resemble those which lie elsewhere on the mountain; but the shape of the building having been oblong, its remains differ from those of a common sheepfold, and it has stood east and west. Scarcely did the Druids, when they fled to these fastnesses, perform their rites in any situation more exposed to disturbance from the elements. One cannot pass by without being reminded that the rustic psalmody must have had the accompaniment of many a wildly--whistling blast; and what dismal storms must have often drowned the voice of the preacher.

There is a report that the first church in Martindale was built in the fourteenth century. Owing to the weather and other causes destroying the fabric, it was rebuilt in 1633, restored about 1800, and is now used as a mortuary chapel. A new church was built nearer Howtown a few years ago. We know for certain that a church existed in Patterdale in the fourteenth century, was rebuilt about 1600, restored several times, and served the purposes of the dalespeople down to the year 1852. In this year it was demolished, owing to its very dilapidated condition. During the winter 1851-2 a terrific snowstorm swept the valley, and on one Sunday morning the only persons present at divine service were the Rev. John Heelis (curate), John Wilson, and William Alcock. The roof was in such a poor way on that particular Sunday that these three gentlemen, instead of proceeding with

the service, thought it safer to be outside, and watch the great flakes of snow falling into the edifice. This storm has been mentioned to me by several of the old inhabitants. The following has been taken from an old newspaper :—" A frightful storm of snow and wind came down the dale a few nights ago, tearing up trees by the roots, and washing live cattle into the lake, thereby causing serious loss to the owners." (December, 1851.) There had also been a great snowstorm in 1839. The storm of 1883 will be mentioned under the Chapter on the "Yew Tree."

Mr. George Harrison (Hartsop), Mr. Edmund Thompson (Side Farm), Mr. Joseph Watson, Mrs. Ann Brown, Mrs. Brownrigg, and one or two others, who worshipped in the old church, are still alive. One item they always remember—that it was a bitterly cold old church. The tower was at the west end, under which was the principal entrance. The choir, a mixed one, sat on the north-west side. On the south side was the old "three-decker," containing the clerk's desk, reading desk, and pulpit. The old sun-dial was placed in the churchyard to the south of the edifice, but there is no record of what has become of it. The sacramental vessels of pewter were in use up to 1850. Pewter is a composition of factitious metal consisting mainly of tin and lead. The communion plate (Helvellyn silver) of the present time is of

the most approved ancient form and pattern, by Keith of London. The silver was presented by the Greenside Mining Company as an offering to the church at Easter, 1850.

At the beginning of the year 1852, a movement was set on foot to collect subscriptions for a new church. Money came in plentifully from all parts—in and out of Patterdale. A piece of ground adjoining the old churchyard was given by William Marshall, Esq., measuring 1 rood $18\frac{1}{2}$ perches, which would serve for the building and a new burying ground. The old churchyard had been in use for many, many years. Most of the stones from the old church were used for building the present church, and some of the bigger slabs may still be seen at Greenside.

The subscribers were numerous. The following are a few of them :—

	£	s.	d.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale ...	100	0	0
William Marshall, Esq., M.P. ...	300	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	100	0	0
Rev. Henry Askew, Glenridding House ...	200	0	0
Henry Howard, Esq., Greystoke Castle ...	150	0	0
William Henry Askew	50	0	0
Captain John Washington, Woolwich ...	50	0	0
Mrs. Pollard, Watermillock ...	35	0	0
Miss Marshall, Clifton	30	0	0
The Greenside Mining Company ...	21	0	0
J. H. Markland, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. ...	20	0	0
Miss Hibbert, Bath	10	0	0

			£	s.	d.
Rev. John Thompson	5	5	0
Rev. John Heelis	5	5	0
Sir William Page Wood	2	2	0
Lady H. D. Churchill	1	0	0

“The parishioners, according to their several abilities, very kindly contributed to the same praiseworthy purpose.” (From the Register.)

Anthony Salvin, Esq., London, was appointed architect. [Mr. Salvin was also the architect for the restoration of Greystoke Castle in 1840, but which was destroyed by fire on Monday, May 4th, 1868.] The building was let by contract to Levi Hodgson, waller, a native of the village, and Robert McAdam, joiner, for some time resident in the dale, for the sum of £1,485. Mr. George Vick, of Stroud, Gloucestershire, was appointed by the architect to superintend the work. The first stones of the foundation of the new church were laid on July 22nd, 1852, the “corner” stones being laid by William Marshall, Esq., and the Rev. John Thompson, in August, 1852. The churchwardens for the year 1852-3 were William Martin and John Kirkland, father of Mr. John Kirkland, Beckstones. The new bell was hung on Whitsun Thursday, May 19th, 1853. The east window was of plain glass, with a few stars fixed in here and there. This window was removed a few years later for the present stained glass one. The church and

churchyard were completed on Saturday, June 4th, 1853.

The church was opened for divine service on Sunday, July 10th, 1853, and was consecrated by the Hon. and Right Rev. Hugh Percy, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, on Thursday, November 3rd, 1853. Bishop Percy was bishop of Rochester, and was translated to Carlisle in September, 1828. This prelate, the third son of Algernon, first Earl of Beverley, was born January 29th, 1784. He entered the University of Cambridge, and graduated M.A. in 1805. He married a daughter of Archbishop Manners Sutton, and was by him collated in 1809 to the rectories of Bishopbourne and Ivychurch. In 1811 he became chancellor and prebendary of Salisbury; in 1816, prebendary of Canterbury and St. Paul's; in 1822, archdeacon of Canterbury; and, in 1825, dean of Canterbury. He was consecrated bishop of Rochester in 1827, and came to Carlisle in 1828. He died at Rose Castle in February, 1856.

To proceed with the church, the edifice was consecrated in the presence of:—

Rev. John Thompson.

Rev. John Heelis, assistant curate.

The Very Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, dean of Carlisle.

Rev. Henry Askew, rector of Greystoke.

Rev. Thomas Unthank Gibson, vicar of Barton.

Rev. James Bush, vicar of Ormside.

William Marshall, Esq.

W. H. Askew, Esq.

Andrew Fleming Hudlestone, Esq.

Henry Dundas Maclean, Esq.

William Martin.

John Kirk.

George Grisdale, and many others.

The church is a Gothic structure ; the extreme length, east to west, 85 feet ; the breadth of the nave, 25 feet ; and the breadth of the chancel, $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The measurements are from the interior.

A harmonium served as an instrument for many years until about a dozen years ago, when a two-manual organ (Hill & Son, London) was placed in the loft above the vestry. Before the days of the harmonium, the music consisted of a few violins, flute, cornet, clarionet, &c. The vestry in days gone by was large enough for the solitary minister, but at the present day, owing to the men and boys robing there, the space is very small. With the exception of three windows all the others are stained glass, illustrating different Scriptural and other subjects. They were given at various times by Mrs. Hobson, Miss Thompson, Messrs W. Marshall, E. A. Bromhead, J. Mounsey, and by the patients of the late Dr. Martindale. One window is worthy of a note. The double-light window opposite the south entrance door consists of the life of St. Patrick in connection with his work in the evangelisation of Ireland. First is

the vision of the little Pagan souls who appeared to him imploring his help to save them, and the other subject is his work of salvation by baptism being carried on, illustrated by the baptising of the King of Connaught and his sons.

The only ancient feature in the present church is the font. A new font was placed here in 1853, while the old one was allowed to remain outside. This old font is of Blencow stone, in three parts—basin, pedestal, and base. The whole rests on a square block of new stone. The basin was repaired and lined with lead in the year 1900 by Charles Lynam, Esq., of Stoke-on-Trent. The base was probably part of an old pillar, and the pedestal that of an old (market) cross which stood near the church. The new font was given away to another church in the diocese in 1893, when the old one was restored to its present position. Up to about the year 1860 no evening services were held, except on the long summer Sundays. Lamps were introduced in 1870; until then candles were used. In 1890 the lamps were taken away, electric light was installed, and given to the church free for the space of twenty years by Messrs. W. J. and W. H. Marshall. The church has been visited by royalty, and many celebrities and notabilities from time to time. The names of a few will be found under the Chapter on "Notable Visitors."

The patronage of the living of Patterdale is

held by the Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale (Hugh Cecil Lowther), who was born in 1857, and succeeded to the title in 1882 at the death of his brother. The family of Lowther is of great antiquity in the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. The first whose names we meet with are William de Lowther and Thomas de Lowther, who appear as witnesses to a grant in the reign of Henry II. ; the names of Sir Thomas de Lowther, Sir Gervase de Lowther, Knt., and Gervase de Lowther, Archdeacon of Carlisle, occur in the reign of Henry III. The regular pedigree commences in the reign of Edward I. with Sir Hugh de Lowther, Knight, Attorney-General in 1292, and Knight of the Shire in 1300 and 1305. The family were knighted at a very early period, but the first one who was elevated to the peerage was Sir John Lowther on May 28th, 1696, who took the titles of Viscount Lonsdale and Baron Lowther. He died in 1700, and at the death of his second son the viscounty ceased. Another Sir John Lowther represented the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland for several years in Parliament, and he was elevated to the peerage on May 24th, 1784, as Baron Lowther of Lowther, Viscount Lowther, and Earl of Lonsdale. He married in 1761, and having no issue he obtained a new patent in 1797 with remainder to the heirs male of his cousin, the Rev. Sir William Lowther,

Bart. Sir William Lowther, Bart., as Baron and Viscount Lowther, was created Earl of Lonsdale on April 7th, 1807, and from that date the titles have remained the same.

The present earl (the Right Hon. Hugh Cecil) is one of the best known and most popular men in these islands. Among the guests whom his lordship has entertained at Lowther Castle are H.M. the King, when he was Prince of Wales; H.I.M. the German Emperor; H.M. the King of Italy, as the (Crown) Prince of Naples. Lowther Castle, the seat, is a strikingly grand pile, worthy the residence of its wealthy and powerful owner. Wordsworth has a sonnet, viz. :—

Lowther ! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien ;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won, and guarded with the sword
Of ancient honour.

* * * * *

Arms—Or, six annulets, sa.

Crest—A dragon, passant, arg.

Supporters—Two horses, arg., each gorged with a chaplet of laurel, ppr.

Motto—Magistratus indicat virum.



FONT—S. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

TO FACE P. 14.

Photo. by J. Lowe.



CHAPTER II.

The Churchyard and its Yew Trees.

THE churchyard many years ago was very small, but what with additions in 1852 and 1902, it is now of considerable size. The last addition, measuring 1,408 square yards, was given by W. H. Marshall, Esq., and was consecrated by the Right Rev. John Wareing Bardsley, Bishop of Carlisle, on Friday, May 9th, 1902, at 11-45 a.m. Among those who witnessed the ceremony was one (Mrs. Ann Brown) who was present at the consecration of 1853. May 9th, 1902, was a bright sunny morning with not a speck in the sky. The Bishop in his address said :—

This churchyard is placed in one of the most beautiful spots in His Majesty's dominions, and although we ought not to be anxious about the place in which we rest, yet it is the privilege of those who live here to look forward to their last sleep, and know their rest will be taken amid a scene so beautiful as this, and when they looked at this beautiful spot, they could sympathise with, and well understand the feeling which prompted that great man, Cecil Rhodes (for he was a great man, whatever view they entertained of his past history)—that great man whose greatness and patriotism

were shown by his unparalleled gifts to his university and to his countrymen—to will that his body should be laid to rest in the solitude of the mountains of Matoppo (or Motoppos) in South Africa. That was a churchyard, and the word yard meant something walled round. But in this case the actual wall was not that which fenced the ground in. The real guard was the ring of mountains which surrounded the field. It mattered little where we passed the long sleep, so long as we slept in Christ; but it was a beautiful thought, and comforting to many to think they would rest in such a quiet and lovely place where they could not be disturbed. During the early part of the week they were reminded of a very old custom—beating the bounds. That was performed so that there should be no dispute in parochial matters, and the day on which it was done was called “gang” day. The boys on such occasions were beaten so that they should remember the bounds of the parish, but he was glad to say such a cruel practice had died out. But the custom was considered so important at one time, that in the *Book of Homilies*, there was a homily which was read to our forefathers regularly, and which reminded them that to avoid disputes in the parish all things should be legally settled, but if they were not settled then, the beating of the bounds would settle all disputes so far as the bounds of the parish were concerned. They had not traversed the bounds of the parish that day, but they had walked the bounds of that ground, and it was now a part of the ancient churchyard for all time. They would all remember that, and he trusted they would all love their church and its services, and look forward to the time when they should sleep with Christ, to awaken at the last trump in His Kingdom.

FUNERALS.

In olden times, all the people in the dale attended the funerals, “which commonly produced

a great deal of feasting and ale-drinking." At the present day, the funerals are still well attended, and during my tenure here I have seen the church crowded. One funeral I must mention, that of Mr. Thomas Rogers on June 1st, 1901. He came to spend a brief holiday with a party of thirty friends from Manchester, who were associated with the Ancoats Social Settlement. He died suddenly on Helvellyn. It was an impressive sight to see the party wending its way by the side of Grisdale Beck, over the bridge, and to the church. They were hatless, and in their light holiday attire ; but, the scene was a solemn one. Mr. Rogers was 74 years of age, and the following epitaph, written by an old friend, may be seen on his tombstone :—

“ Full in the face of heaven, upon these hills
 He died, Nature's true lover ; of his kind
 Beloved as loving ; lulled by the moorland rills,
 And by the sighing of the mountain wind,
 He soundly sleeps ; no fitter place were found
 For him to rest, upon our English ground.”—*A.K.S.*

The tombstones in the churchyard are similar to those which are seen in other churchyards. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no tombstones. There is nothing remarkable in the matter of epitaphs, and I have selected only a few of them, viz. :—

1820.

“ It must be so—our Father Adam’s fall,
And disobedience brought this lot on all.
All die in him but hopeless should we be,
Blest revelation were it not for Thee.
Hail glorious Gospel heavenly light whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die.
And view beyond this gloomy scene the tomb,
A life of endless happiness to come.”

1867.

“ The year rolls on and steals away
The breath that first it gave,
What’er we do, wher’er we be,
We’re travelling to the grave.”

1868.

“ Oh, husband dear, my time is past,
My love remained while life did last,
But now I’m dead no sorrow take
But love the children for my sake.”

THE YEW TREES.

The churchyard is famous for its yew trees, and the following account, taken from the *Clerical Journal* of June 8th, 1854, will be of interest :—
“ Many picturesque old yew trees of very great age remain in our churchyards, one at Patterdale, in Westmorland, is said to be the very tree which is mentioned as existing—and then an old tree—before the Conquest. It is hollow and riven and gnarled and twisted, and looks as if it had withstood the storms of a thousand winters, sweeping down the

gorge of Patterdale ; but it still has green boughs enough to supply palms for a triumphal procession."*

During the week ending December 15th, 1883, the weather was very wild and boisterous, accompanied with rain, hail, and snow, especially on Tuesday night, December 11th, when the wind rose to a heavy gale from the north-west, causing similar destruction of property to the great wind of January 7th, 1839. Several families did not retire to their beds on account of the fury of the tempest. Dwelling houses were unroofed, and rigging, spouting, and slates were blown about in all directions. Many hundreds of trees had also been uprooted, including the venerable and patriarchal "Old Yew Tree" in the churchyard, which had withstood the blasts of centuries.

PATTERDALE OLD YEW TREE.

" Didst thou witness when all those mounds,
Which are around thy roots arrang'd,
Received their charge with mourners round,
There shall they sleep till time be chang'd.

And many since, as they, have come ;
The ills and weals of life have seen ;
Grown old as they, and now are gone,
And left no trace, save hillocks green.

* In the year 1837 its magnificent stem measured ten feet in circumference, a few inches from the ground; and seven feet in girth at its centre.

Thy once proud form is stunted now ;
 Thy once sound trunk is now a shell ;
 Is gapp'd and fissur'd through and through,
 Which speak thy passing dying knell.

Life immortal, over the grave,
 Shall wave the palm of victory ;
 So symbolic thy plumes now wave,
 Thou venerable Old Yew Tree."—*C.D.*

There is a vew tree near by the Vale of Lorton
 which Wordsworth has celebrated thus :—

" There is a yew tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
 Which to this day stands single in the midst
 Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
 Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
 Of Umfraville or Percy, 'ere they march'd
 To Scotland's heaths ; or those that cross'd the sea,
 And drew their sounding boughs at Agincourt,
 Perhaps at earlier Cressy or Poitiers.
 Of vast circumference and gloom profound,
 This solitary tree !—a living thing
 Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
 Of form and aspect too magnificent
 To be destroyed."—*Wordsworth.*

" The warlike yew, with which, more than the lance,
 The strong arm'd English spirits conquered France."
 —*William Brown.*

CHAPTER III.

The Registers.

THE first volume of the Registers begins with an entry on November 22nd, 1612, and ends with one in the month of May, 1642. This volume is in a fair condition. The exterior leaves show signs of wear and fading of the ink owing to exposure to the light. There is not much of special interest in this volume. A gap in the Register occurs between May, 1642, and October, 1653, when the second volume commences.

The first page of the second volume is nearly illegible, but it could probably all be made clear by judicious treatment. It continues with only one break until June, 1st, 1755; the break occurs between April 2nd, 1738, and April 4th, 1740. Two copies of the Register for the years 1743 to 1748 are to be found in this volume; in the second of these copies there are some slightly fuller particulars. The two first volumes are on vellum.

Volume III., which is on paper, begins on April 6th, 1763, thus making another gap of eight years from the close of Volume II., and goes on to the

beginning of the nineteenth century, after which the modern formal Registers commence. At the end of Volume III. there is an interesting sketch and plan of the old church, drawn in 1852. The following entries are taken from the Registers, and may be of some interest, viz. :—

1613.—“ A weet sumer this yeare.”

1622.—“ Nov. 15 daye was Lancelott Harryson a boveyat poore man buried.”

1629.—“ The visitation of L.B. Doctor Potter helde the 7th Julye anno 1629.”

The “ L.B. Doctor Potter ” is the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, viz. :—Barnabus (or Barnaby) Potter, born at Kendal, or as Atkinson says, “ in Winster Chapelry in 1578 of poor, but respectable parents.” He was educated at Queen’s College, Oxford, and in 1616 he was elected Provost of Queen’s. He was chaplain to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., by whom he was much esteemed. He was Bishop of Carlisle from 1628 to 1642, and died in January of that year.

1662.—“ October ye 11th daye was Ellice the wyffe of Robert Harryson buried who drowned herself.”

1671.—“ October 10th John the sonne of Richard Martindale baptized.”

1671-2.—“ March 15th “ Mr Peter Birkett minister buried.”

1675.—December 23rd :—“ Mr Langhorn, minister buried.”

1705.—“ May the 22nd was ye General Chapter holden att Penereth.”

- 1705.—November 20th “Mr Edmund Kilner Curate of Patterdale, buried.”
- 1706.—“April ye 11th daye was John the son of George Mounsey buried.”
- 1710.—Feby. 17th :—“was Mr^s Dorothy Mounsey buried.”
- 1710.—Nov. 21st :—Mary daughter of Thomas Thompson baptized.” (She was the sister of the Rev. Thos. Thompson, Curate of Patterdale).
- 1713.—April 18th :—“widow Threlkeld of th’ eagle buried.”
- 1713.—May 15th :—“Lancelot of Great Oak buried.”
- 1713.—Nov. 25th :—“Margaret Vaizee washer of lead ore, buried.”
- 1715.—July 22nd :—“Thomas Thompson, Hartsop Hall, buried.”
- 1725.—There is a “terrier” given in this year, but it is of little interest.

Many of my readers will be ignorant of the word “terrier.” To enlighten them, I give the following meanings of the word, viz. :—

- 1.—A dog or little hound that creeps into the ground after animals known as field vermin.
- 2.—A lodge or hole where certain animals secure themselves.
- 3.—An auger or borer.
- 4.—A book or roll in which the lands of private persons or corporations are described.

The terrier to which I refer has the last meaning. It comes from “terre” (land), and gives a description of all glebes, lands, gardens, orchards, houses, stocks, implements, tenements, and portions of tithes which belong to any rectory, vicarage, etc.

- 1726.—Oct. 2nd:—"George Mounsey of Nellhouse buried."
- 1726.—Dec. 1st:—"John Mattinson, Curate, and Elizabeth Dockwray, married."
- 1730.—May 6th:—"Mr John Brougham, buried."
- 1731.—Oct. 10th:—"Thomas Thompson, baptized."
- 1746.—May 28th:—"Joseph Greenhow drowned in Huleswater, Buried."
- 1746.—Jan. 4th:—"Mr George Mounsey of Patterdale Hall, Buried."
- 1748.—June 13th:—"Thomas, son of John Dobson, and Thomas son of Richard Wilson who were drowned both together i' th' Farm Ing Dubb, Buried."
- 1749.—April 3rd:—"Thomas Dobson, Blindman, buried."
- 1754.—March 19th:—"George Smedley a miner from Derbyshire, buried."
- 1755.—Dec. 25th:—"Mr George Mounsey married (to) Elizabeth Nicholson by John Watt, minister."
- 1765.—Feby.—:—"Richard Dockray, Curate."
- 1765.—Dec. 19th:—"John Mattinson, Curate of Patterdale, Buried."
- 1775.—Aug. 23rd:—"James Harrison, lunatic, Parkside, Buried."
- 1786.—Jany. 25th:—"John and George Atkinson, brothers, drowned, buried."
- 1787.—July 10th:—"Henry Taylor, collier, buried."
- 1804.—Oct. 13th:—"Reverend Thomas Thompson, buried."
- 1817.—April 19th:—"John and Joseph Leck, father and son accidentally killed at Hartsop Slate Quarries."
- 1818.—Sept. 3rd:—"Rev. John Thompson married to Dorothy Mounsey."
- 1818.—Oct. 10th:—"John Fleming of Elm How, aged 42 years was accidentally drowned in Ullswater near Moss Dale Beck, Stybarrow, buried."

- 1820.—July 13 :—" Rev. J. Harrison M.A. of Deepdale aged 36 years, buried."
- 1830.—March 14th :—" Ann Thompson, aged 85 years buried." (She was the widow of the Rev. Thomas Thompson, Curate).
- 1835.—Sept. 10th :—" Henry Chapman, killed at Hartsop Quarries."
- 1839.—Oct. 19th :—" Jane Mounsey accidentally drowned in Goldrill Dubb."
- 1846.—June 21st :—" Dorothy Thompson aged 62 years, buried." (She was the wife of the Rev. John Thompson).
- 1850.—April 3rd :—" William Farrer of Hartsop drowned accidentally in Brotherswater."
- 1851.—March 22nd :—" Joseph Shaw of Hartsop killed at Greenside Mines."
- 1851.—Aug. 24th :—" Frederick Denison Maurice, Professor of Divinity, King's College, London, officiated in the Church.
- 1853.—Jany. 4th :—" William Mounsey Hobson drowned in Deepdale, aged 31 years."
- 1854.—March 27th :—" John Brown found hung in Stybarrow Bay, aged 80 years."
- 1854.—Sept. 24th :—" William Backhouse of Hartsop, accidentally drowned in River Goldrill."
- 1855.—" William Rickerby of Eagle, drowned in Ullswater, April 10th, found April 24th near the middle island to the north-east."
- 1856.—Sept. 28th :—" A. C. Tait, D.D., Dean of Carlisle, preached in S. Patrick's Church. He afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury.

- 1857.—Aug. 27th :—"William Martin drowned at Goldrill Bridge, aged 57 years." (He was one of the wardens during the building of the church 1852-3).
- 1858.—Aug. 21st :—Henry Montagu, Bishop of Carlisle, officiated on this day.
- 1858.—Nov. 27th :—"Robert Dixon killed by an accident whilst out hunting." (The accident took place on Striding Edge, and his brother Birkett placed a monument on the spot, which can be seen at the present day).
- 1860.—Sept. 30th Sunday :—A. C. Londin, Bishop of London preached this day.
- 1861.—Feby. 3rd :—Buried "a man, name unknown, abode unknown."
- 1861.—June 11th :—"Rev. John Thompson, buried, aged 84 years."
- 1869.—July :—John Troutbeck, Minor Canon of Manchester officiated throughout the month.
- 1872.—May 23rd :—"William Marshall, Patterdale Hall, buried, aged 75 years.
- 1877.—Oct. 19th :—"Edward Poole, killed at Greenside Mines, aged 18 years, buried."
- 1891.—Nov. 3rd :—"William Pattinson, Rector of Patterdale, buried, aged 74 years."
- 1892.—May 21st :—E. Lyttleton, Headmaster of Haileybury officiated.
- 1892.—May 29th :—"The Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Bardsley) held a Confirmation."
- 1892.—June 11th :—"Christopher Jeffrey killed at Greenside Mines."
- 1893.—June 28th :—"George Cole, drowned at Cannon Cragg, aged 8 years."

- 1895.—March 15th:—"The Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness (Dr. Ware) held a Confirmation."
- 1896.—July :—"A boy of the name of Mallet was drowned whilst bathing near Stybarrow. Although several days were spent in searching for the body, their efforts were fruitless. For the consolation of the parents the Rector read the Burial Service from a boat over the spot at which the boy disappeared."
- 1897.—June 9th:—"The Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton) officiated."
- 1899.—July 26th:—"Rev. William Prosser Morris inducted to the Rectory of Patterdale."
- 1899.—Nov. 12th:—" (War Sunday). Memorable Services at S. Patrick's Church. The choir was assisted by the organ, brass, and string bands."
- 1901.—Feby. 2nd:—"Memorial Services for Her late Majesty Queen Victoria."
- 1902.—May 9th:—"The Right Reverend John Wareing Bardsley, Bishop of Carlisle, consecrated an addition to the churchyard, and held a Confirmation in the afternoon."
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CHAPTER IV.

The Clergy of Patterdale.

Peter Birkett	...	Minister	...	—
	(Buried March 15th, 1671.)			
— Langhorne	...	Minister	...	—
	(Buried December 23rd, 1675.)			
Edmund Kilner	...	Curate	...	—
	(Buried November 20th, 1705.)			
John Mattinson	...	Curate	...	1705-1765
	(Buried December 19th, 1765.)			
John Watt	...	Assistant Curate	...	1755
Richard Dockray	...	Assistant Curate	...	1765
Thomas Thompson	...	Minister	...	1765-1804
John Thompson	...	Assistant Curate	...	1800-1804
John Thompson	...	Minister	...	1804-1861
John Heelis	...	Assistant Curate	...	1850-1853
Joseph Bland	...	Assistant Curate	...	1853-1857
William Thomas Rooke	...	Assistant Curate	...	1857-1861
William Thomas Rooke	...	Incumbent	...	1861-1866
William Thomas Rooke	...	Rector	...	1866-1873
John Falcon	...	Rector	...	1873-1875
Thomas Hodson	...	Rector	...	1875-1878
William Pattinson	...	Rector	...	1878-1891
Thomas Mitchell	...	Curate	...	1888-1892
Bernard G. R. Hale	...	Rector	...	1892-1898
William Prosser Morris	...	Rector	...	1899

JOHN MATTINSON.

Of him it is said "that he was a curate of Patterdale for nearly sixty years; the income of his curacy was £12, and never exceeded £18 per annum. He married and lived comfortably, and had four children—he buried his mother—he married his father, and buried his father—he christened his wife, and published his own banns of marriage in the church—he christened and married all his children, and educated his own son till he was a good scholar, and fit for the college; he lived to the age of 96, and died possessed of £1,000. It has been alleged that this provident curate assisted his wife to card and spin the portion of tithe wool that fell to his lot; that he taught a school, which brought him in about five pounds a year; add to this, that his wife was a skilful midwife."* (From a book published in 1798.)

John Mattinson was born in 1669, and died on December 19th, 1765, and was buried somewhere near the old yew tree. He was born in Patterdale, and was the son of one Henry Mattinson. He became curate of Patterdale in 1705. He married

* Clarke tells us that John Mattinson's wife "performed the operations as a midwife for the small sum of one shilling; and according to ancient custom, she was likewise cook at the christening dinner, for which she also received some perquisites." On the day of her marriage her father boasted that his two daughters were married to the two best men in Patterdale—the priest and the bagpiper.

Elizabeth Dockwray on December 1st, 1726, by whom he had the following children :— viz., John, Elizabeth, Anne, and Esther. All his children were married in Patterdale, and he performed the ceremony at each wedding.

The following is the copy of a terrier found in the Register :—

I, John Mattinson, curate, November 11, 1749, drew up a terrier by order of the Right Reverend Richard, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, made at his primary visitation held in Penrith on June 9, 1749; and presented before the Rev. the Worshipfull John Waugh, Doctor of Laws, Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, November 14, 1749.

According to this terrier there were entered the following :—

Two bells, one weighted one cwt. and the other two cwt.

A book of Homilies.

A prescription of five farthings is paid for every lamb.

A prescription of Tithe corn and hay is paid on Easter Monday.

The custom observed for tithe, milk, &c., called the "White Book Tithes," is as follows :—

Two pence half penny for a new calved cow.

One penny and a half for a new calved heifer.

For a hand milked cow, one penny.

A foal, one penny.

For four calves, nothing; for five calves, one shilling and eight pence; for six, three shillings and four pence.

Tithe in wool is paid in kind, Hoggs or shearlings excepted, for which one farthing a piece is paid at the Wool Tithing, being the first Thursday after Saint Peter's Day.

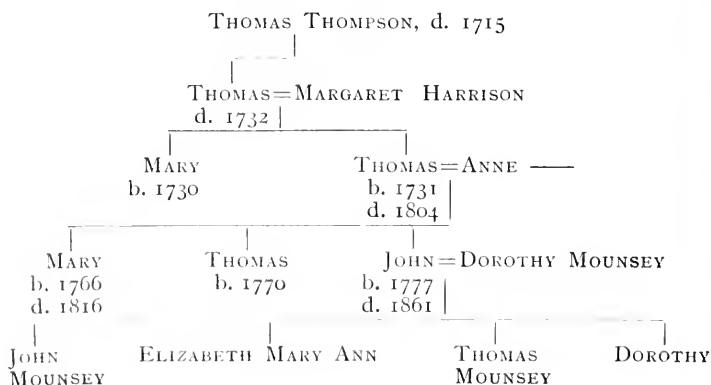
THE THOMPSONS.

Where the Thompsons originally came from is not known. They most probably came from "ower t' top," from the Windermere side—or, as it was then called, "Birthwaite." The first we hear of them is as "yeomen farmers" at the end of the seventeenth century, when a Thomas Thompson farmed Hartsop Hall.

The Rev. Thomas Thompson was born in 1731, and received his early education from the Rev. John Mattinson. He then went to college, and after holding a curacy in the county of Cumberland, he was preferred to Patterdale. He commenced his duties here in 1765, married Anne ———, a native of Patterdale, and died in 1804. He had one daughter (Mary) and two sons (Thomas and John). His son Thomas became successively curate of Mungrisdale, Allhallows, &c., and when his brother John was married he performed the ceremony.

John was born on January 28th, 1777. He was ordained deacon June 29th, 1800, and priest June 14th, 1801. He assisted his father in his parochial duties for his first four years as a clergyman, and then succeeded him in the curacy. In the registers

he signs himself at one time "assistant curate," then "curate," "incumbent," "minister." He was married to Dorothy Mounsey, daughter of John Mounsey, the last "king" of Patterdale, on September 3rd, 1818, and the witnesses of the marriage were Christopher Williamson and William Mounsey. They had four children—two sons and two daughters—one of whom (Elizabeth Ann) only was married, and she had one child who died in infancy. So this branch of the Thompsons became defunct. During his incumbency, John Thompson rebuilt the parsonage and also the new church. He died on June 6th, and was buried on June 11th, 1861, aged 84 years. The father and son (Thomas and John) held the curacy of Patterdale for the space of ninety-six years—a record which, I think, cannot easily be found elsewhere. The following genealogical table of the Thompsons will perhaps be of interest :—



THE RECTORY.

On the site where the present rectory now stands there had been a house from time immemorial. The south end of the house, which is nearly one hundred years old, was rebuilt by the Rev. John Thompson, the principal entrance then being in the centre of the building. The north end was added about forty years ago by the Rev. W. T. Rooke.

The following, which has been copied from *The Gazette* of May 25th, 1866, ought to be of interest—viz.,

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, in pursuance of the Act of the 59th year of H.M. King George III., Ch. 134, &c., hereby assign a district chapelry to the consecrated church of Saint Patrick, situate in Patterdale, in the Parish of Barton in the County of Westmoreland in the Diocese of Carlisle.

The Bishop of Carlisle gave his consent, and it was called “The District Chapelry of Patterdale.”

From *The Gazette* of July 10th, 1866 :—

To all to whom those presents shall come, we, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England send greeting :—Whereas it has been made to appear to us, that certain tithes, or rent charges in lieu thereof, arising within the new Parish of Patterdale, in the County of Westmoreland, and in the Diocese of Carlisle, belong to the incumbent of the Church of such new Parish : Now, we the said Ecclesiastical

Commissioners acting in pursuance of "The District Church Tithes Act, 1865," do hereby declare that from and after the time of the publication of these presents in the *London Gazette* pursuant to the provisions of the same Act, the said Church of the new Parish of Patterdale aforesaid, shall be, and be deemed to be a Rectory. Sealed June 21, 1866.

PARISH CLERKS.

The following are the parish clerks of Patterdale since the year 1810:—John Leck, William Leck, Robert Nicholson, Myles Shaw, and Thomas Kilner.

A CURATE OF MARTINDALE.

It may be interesting to my readers to know of one Richard Birkett, who was curate of Martindale for sixty-seven years. He made a considerable sum out of this curacy. When he first entered upon his duties his sole possessions were two shirts and one suit of clothes. He was the only man in the parish who could write, and transacted most of the law affairs of his parishioners, and was by them on that account nicknamed "Sir Richard" or the "Lawyer." Whenever he lent money, he deducted at the time of lending two shillings in the pound for interest, and the terms of the loan never exceeded a year. He charged twopence for writing a receipt, and fourpence for a promissory note. He likewise taught the children in the school, and served as parish clerk. In both these

offices he showed his wonderful ability for economy and gain. His quarter dues being small, he had from the parents of each scholar a fortnight's board and lodging. The Easter dues were usually paid in eggs, and at the time of collecting he carried with him a board, in which was a hole, which served him as a gauge, and he positively refused to accept any which would pass through. He married a woman of the name of Brown, with whom he got a fortune of £60, and to whom at his death he left the sum of £1,200, after which she was married to Theodorus Sisson.

Upon the death of Birkett, no one would take the curacy on account of the smallness of the stipend. Those, therefore, of the parishioners who could read performed the service by turns. We need not doubt that this occasioned some humorous blunders. One in particular was this :—
“An honest farmer, whose wife was not, it seems, the most pacific of her sex, was to hold forth one Sunday. After rummaging the book a long time to no purpose for the concluding clause, he called to one of his neighbours, whose wife was lately dead, to assist him, declaring at the same time that he was afraid he should never find the peace of God as long as he lived.” **1358139**

Things remained in this position for some time. At length a little decrepit man called Brownrigg, to whom Richard Birkett had taught a little Latin

and Greek, was by the parishioners appointed perpetual reader. For his services they allowed him the church perquisites—then worth about £12 per annum. Brownrigg being a man of good character, and there being no clergyman within several miles to baptise their children or bury their dead, the parishioners petitioned the Bishop to grant him deacon's orders. This was accordingly done, and he served the curacy for forty-seven years.

CHAPTER V.

The School and Schoolmasters.

WE know for certain that a school existed in the dale from very early times. The teachers in those old days were as a rule the parsons, and the school would be in the then old church. It is said that Peter Birkett, the curate, kept a small school in 1645, and he died in 1671. Then John Mattinson, curate, for a few hours daily taught the youths and maidens of the village in the rudiments of the English language, and among them was his own son, whom he prepared for the college. Later on we find his successor to the curacy—Thomas Thompson—teaching and preaching. He was succeeded by his son John, who acted as schoolmaster; and, when he entered into the bonds of matrimony, his wife became schoolmistress.

During the Thompsons' time the school was moved from the church to a small building, where now stands the rectory stable. As time went on the scholars were again transferred, in the year 1826, to another building—the present school-

master's house ; and the first master of this, the then new school, was Thomas Robinson, whose wife was a Mounsey, daughter of John Mounsey, of Patterdale Hall. His daughter is Miss Robinson, of Bank Foot. Robinson's successor was a man known by the name of — Airey. In 1836 the school was rebuilt at the expense of the principal inhabitants, the new master being one Ladyman, who had an average attendance of forty children. The next master was a Mr. Stewart, who had but a short reign in Patterdale. In 1846 Aaron Nelson became master, and continued at his post until a year or two after the Education Act of 1870 came into force. He was thus the last schoolmaster under the old regime. He then became one of the managers, and ended his life in the dale. The natives to this day speak well of him, and the words on the brass tablet in the church verify the same, which are as follows :—

To the Glory of God,

And in memory of Aaron Nelson,
26 years schoolmaster of this Parish.

This Brass is dedicated by many of his friends
And fellow-parishioners, who knew his public
And private worth,
And the services

Which he often so readily and unselfishly rendered
Both to his neighbours and to his parish.

Born 15th July, 1823. Died 21st March, 1884.

The population had been increasing steadily, and in consequence greater accommodation was needed. A committee was formed in 1871. The Rev. W. T. Rooke sold 2,420 square yards of glebe land for the sum of £60, and a new school was built, which is the present one. The old school was made into a master's residence. The following were some of the subscribers towards the building :—

			£	s.	d.
W. Marshall, Esq.	130	0	0
The Greenside Mining Co.	120	0	0
Arthur Marshall, Esq., Hallsteads	50	0	0
Henry Howard, Esq.	50	0	0
J. W. Marshall, Esq.	50	0	0
The Earl of Lonsdale	25	0	0
Rev. W. T. Rooke	22	0	0
The Lady Monteagle	15	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Spring Rice	10	0	0
Miss Blanche Elliott, Brighton	5	5	0
E. W. Hasell, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Smith	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Bownass	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Grisdale, Hartsop	5	0	0
Mr. John Walton, Deepdale	5	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Dobson, Southport	5	0	0
Mr. John Mounsey, Penrith	3	0	0
Mr. John Mounsey Thompson	3	0	0
Mr. John Grisedale, Hartsop	3	0	0
Miss Robinson	2	10	0
Dr. Martindale	2	2	0
Miss Little	1	1	0

To the foregoing must be added a voluntary parochial rate of £76 5s. 4½d., and a number of smaller subscriptions. The first managers were appointed in 1872, and they were :—

Rev. W. T. Rooke.	Mr. Thomas Machell.
Wm. Marshall, Esq.	Mr. Robert Bownass.
Mr. John Grisdale.	Mr. Joseph Rickerby.

In the year 1895 an addition was built—the present infants' room. The schoolmasters from the year 1893, with their lengths of service, are as follows :—

Andrew Pryde	1873-1875
Fred Bottomley	1875 (4 weeks)
J. T. Crosbie	1875 (4 weeks)
W. T. Bridgeman	1875-1881
Hy. Arthur Henderson	1881-1884
Joseph Beck Philipson	1884

There are eight trustees—the rector, churchwardens, and five others—viz.,

Rev. W. P. Morris.	
W. H. Marshall, Esq.	
Mr. Thomas Bownass.	
Mr. W. Holme Martindale.	
Mr. Edmund Thompson.	
Mr. John Leck.	
Mr. J. R. R. Allen	} Churchwardens.
Mr. J. Comer	

Five out of the eight trustees are elected by the subscribers. A subscriber to qualify himself for a

vote must give to the funds of the school, at the least, the sum of 5s. per annum, and also be a *bona-fide* member of the Church of England. A trustee must be a ratepayer, a *bona-fide* member of the Church of England, and also pay annually the sum of, at the least, 10s. to the funds. The churchwardens are *ex-officio* trustees.

The Rev. John Mackereth Freeman gave his small estate (Sykeside) of land in Hartsop to the school and the poor of the parish. His will was proved in the prerogative Court of the Archbishop of York on the 11th November, 1805. The managers of the school receive 11s. 7½d. out of every £1, and the remainder goes to the poor people.

The managers held a special meeting on Saturday, April 18th, 1903, in the Parish Room. There were present the Rev. W. P. Morris (in the chair), Messrs. Bownass, Martindale, Thompson, Leck, Allen, and Comer, the only absentee being Mr. Marshall. The principal subject on the agenda was the election of foundation managers under the Education Act of 1902. The following were elected :—

Rev. William Prosser Morris.

William Hibbert Marshall, Esq.

Mr. John Richard Routh Allen.

Mr. John Leck.

CHAPTER VI.

Nonconformity.

THE first Nonconformists who came to Patterdale were a few Quakers about the year 1810. They had then no building of their own in which to hold their meetings, but they met together periodically in a cottage, or in one of the "shops" at the mines. The Friends were never very numerous in the dale, though in the neighbouring parishes they must have been strong in numbers, especially at Tirril and Mungrisdale. At these two places they have left their traces behind with meeting-houses and burial grounds. Penrith also was once a stronghold of the Friends. At the most there was never more than fifty at one time at Patterdale, and as this number decreased their place was gradually taken over by the Wesleyan Methodists.

Between the years 1820 and 1850 a bitter feeling existed at the mines between the workmen on account of religious difficulties. The feeling was carried on so far that the directors of the company threatened to close the works on account of the

time wasted while in their employ. Then a Mr. Davies was sent to Patterdale under the auspices of the Wesleyan Home Mission, and he was allowed to hold meetings at the mines. His audience was composed chiefly of those men who were imported into the parish, for he had very few followers amongst the natives.

The Wesleyans increased in numbers, and a house was found where they could meet together. That house stood where now stand the kennels of the Ullswater foxhounds. They occupied that building for a few years, when the then landlord acquired it for his own use, and they had to find fresh quarters. Their next abode was in a disused coach-house near the Hall, but their reign there was very short, as they received notice to quit from one Alexander, the steward. This Alexander was to them as a "thorn in the flesh," for he used his influence to stop the growth of Wesleyanism in every way.

The Methodists were now without a place to meet in. Lancelot Dobson, a member of the old Grassthwaite How family, was very much grieved at the way the new denomination was treated, and though he was a faithful member of the Church of England, he gave them a small piece of land near Grisdale Bridge whereon to build a chapel. The members of the Wesleyan community, who were mostly drawn from the miners, met together and

discussed matters. In their spare time some of them collected subscriptions, while others hewed out stone and slate from Place Fell Quarries, and borrowed carts to convey the same to their scene of operation.

The work of building was actually commenced when Mr. George Head Head, one of the directors of the Mining Company, heard of it. This gentleman took in all the details, ordered the Building Committee to return all monies to the subscribers, and then took it upon himself to build the chapel entirely at his own expense. The cost was about £100, and it was opened for worship in 1842. In the trust deed drawn out in that year a clause was entered that the building should be owned conjointly by the Friends and the Wesleyans. The Friends up to a few years ago held one service annually to preserve their right.

The Wesleyans were now provided for to a certain extent, but they were not satisfied until they had a chapel which they could call their own. From 1860 to 1890 they were on the look-out for land to build, but the landowners would not part, until at last one was induced to sell, and a new chapel was built. At the ceremony of laying the foundation stones, of which there were several, the following were present :—Messrs. Christopher Fairer, Crone, W. J. Marshall, A. Marshall, Pritt, Griffiths, &c., all of whom gave handsome sub-

scriptions. Mr. Walker, of Whitehaven, owing to an engagement at the time, was unable to be present, but he wired to Mr. Crone to lay the sum of £50 on one of the stones. At the opening ceremony in 1890 the Rev. Frederick W. McDonald, President of the Conference, preached an able sermon. The circuit ministers—Revs. E. H. Simpson and Wright Shovelton—were also present. There are five local preachers attached to the chapel, and they are the following:—Messrs. James Watson, William Hicks, William Sewell, Matthew Place, and John Murrav. The Penrith ministers come to Patterdale periodically. The last important item the Wesleyans are busy with is the building of a new Sunday School, which they hope to have ready for use shortly.

It may be mentioned that before the chapel was built the members of the congregation got all the stone in readiness during their spare time, and after work was over at the mines.

CHAPTER VII.

Interesting Families.

THE MOUNSEYS

HAVE lived in Patterdale and the neighbourhood for many generations. We first hear of them as small statesmen. By industry and thrift they bought up several small "holdings," and these being put together grew up to be a fair-sized estate. A Mounsey is mentioned very early in the oldest register. The old homestead stood near to where the present Hall stands, and was called the "Palace," owing to the Mounseys being formerly dignified with the title of the "Kings of Patterdale." They acquired this distinction on account of a gallant exploit performed by one of their ancestors, who in 1648, at the head of a number of dalesmen, his friends and neighbours, defeated a band of Scottish marauders or moss-trooping Scots at the mountain pass of Stybarrow Crag (Mannex).*

* Or, perhaps, they may have received the appellation on account of their comparative opulence, such persons being called in France "Coqu de Village."

This person was John Mounsey, who in 1649 was sixty years of age.*

The King's mansion perched on the side of a cliff, damp and green with moss, the roof being tufted with growing fern and other herbage: the house appeared shut in from the light and air by a curtain wall. The only ornament this singular habitation appeared to have was one single fir tree, which blocked the entrance: all behind was shut in to the very walls by rocks, covered with wood, and weeping with springs. (From a book published in 1798.)

Gilpin observes of the "King of Patterdale":—"I could not help thinking that if I were inclined to envy the situation of any potentate in Europe, it would be that of the King of Patterdale. The pride of many principalities would shrink in a comparison with the magnificence of his dominion." †

In 1824 the Patterdale Hall estate changed hands. After being for many years in the Mounsey family, it was sold by John Mounsey (the last "King of Patterdale") to William Marshall, Esq., Leeds. Mr. Marshall had only been in Patterdale

* Clarke believes the Mounseys received the title of the "Kings of Patterdale" from their having neither paid any rent or done any homage, fealty, or service for the King, or any claiming under him.

† It is said the Mounseys had a few goats on the mountains extremely wild, and very difficult to capture. One day a butcher bought four for the sum of £2 2s. The butcher also paid no less than 30s. for catching them, and "the takers even had reason to complain of their bargain." Sometimes a Mounsey would make a present of one to his friends on condition that they would catch it, which was never an easy matter.

for a few years when he set about making great alterations. The old building was entirely taken down, and the present Hall was built.

A descendant of the Mounseys now lives at Eamont Lodge, Penrith, in the person of Mr. John Mounsey. He still owns an estate in the parish, but there is not a single Mounsey living here.

THE HOWARDS.

The Howards of Greystoke have had possessions in Patterdale for a number of years, but space could not be found to give the whole family history in this brief volume. I will merely give a few facts from the time that the union between the Howards and the Dacres took place.

Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was the eldest son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, by his first duchess, Mary, daughter and heiress of Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. He married Anne, sister and co-heiress of George Lord Dacre, by which marriage he acquired the Barony of Greystoke. Being attainted in 1590, he died a prisoner in the Tower in 1595, leaving a son and heir—Thomas.

Thomas, Earl of Arundel, born July 7th, 1592, who, being deprived by his father's attainder of the honours and the greatest part of the estates of his family, had only the title of Lord Maltravers, by

courtesy, during Queen Elizabeth's reign ; but was restored by Act of Parliament in the first year of James I. (1603) to all such titles of honour and precedence as Philip, Earl of Arundel, lost by his attainder, as also to the honour, estate, and dignity of Earl of Surrey. His lordship married in 1606 Lady Alethea Talbot, daughter and eventually sole heiress of Gilbert, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, and had issue three sons, one of whom was Henry Frederick, who succeeded him. Thomas, Earl of Arundel, died October 4th, 1646.

Henry Frederick was born in 1608. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Esme Stuart, Earl of March, and afterwards Duke of Lennox. He died April 7th, 1652, and his fourth son Charles succeeded him in the barony.

Charles Howard married Mary, daughter of George Tattershall, Esq., of Finchampstead, and his eldest son Charles succeeded him. Charles Howard married Mary, daughter of John Aylward, Esq., of Waterford, and they had issue three sons and three daughters. He died June 10th, 1720, and was succeeded by his second son Charles.

Charles, on the demise of Edward, the ninth Duke of Norfolk in 1777 without issue, became the tenth Duke of Norfolk. He married in 1739 Katherine, daughter of John Brockholes, Esq., of Claughton, in Lancashire. He died August 31st, 1786, and was succeeded by his only son Charles.

Charles thus became the eleventh Duke of Norfolk. He was born March 15th, 1746, and married, firstly, in August, 1767, Marian, daughter of John Coppinger, Esq., of the County of Cork, which lady died without issue in 1768; and, secondly, in 1771, Frances, daughter of Charles Fitz-Roy Scudamore, Esq., of Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, but had no issue. His grace died December 16th, 1815, having bequeathed by will his estates at Greystoke to Henry Howard, the only son of Lord Henry Molyneux Howard.

Henry Howard was born July 25th, 1802, and was married on December 6th, 1849, to Charlotte Caroline Georgiana, daughter of Henry Lawes Long, Esq., of Hampton Lodge, Surrey. He died in 1875, and was succeeded by his son Henry Charles.

Henry Charles Howard, Esq., was born on September 7th, 1850, and he was married in 1879 to the Lady Mabel, daughter of the late Earl of Antrim, and sister of the present earl. He is a J.P., D.L., and Chairman of the Cumberland County Council. He is also a Master of the Cumberland foxhounds. Mr. Howard has done yeoman service in the many official positions which he holds in his county, and it is a well-known fact that when he takes anything in hand he goes into it thoroughly.

Arms—Gu., on a bend between six cross-crosslets fitchée arg., an escutcheon or charged with a demi-lion rampant, pierced through the mouth with an arrow within a double tressure flory, counter flory of the first, quartering Brotherton, Warren, Mowbray, Dacre, and Greystoke.

Crest—On a chapeau gu., turned up erm., a lion statant guardant, the tail extended or gorged with a ducal coronet, arg.

Motto—Sola virtus invicta.

THE MARSHALLS

are descended thus :—Mr. John Marshall, of Yeadon Low Hall, Yorkshire, acquired great wealth by his introduction of many improvements into the spinning of flax. He had factories at Leeds and Shrewsbury. His son John was born July 27th, 1765 ; married on August 5th, 1795, to Miss Jane Pollard, daughter of William Pollard, Esq., of Halifax, and had issue four sons and six daughters. They lived at Headingley, near Leeds.

Their eldest son was William, who was born May 26th, 1796 ; married on June 17th, 1828, to Georgina Christiana, daughter of George Hibbert, Esq., of Munden, Hertfordshire, and had issue five sons and two daughters. This William Marshall bought the Patterdale Hall estate in 1824. He was a great benefactor and a valuable help to the

people of Patterdale. It is said he found work to all who applied for it, and the outcome of it was that several paths and beautiful walks were made in the neighbourhood, the traces of which can be seen even to the present day. In politics Mr. W. Marshall was a Liberal, and in 1847 he was elected to fill the vacancy for the East Cumberland constituency, caused by the retirement of Mr. W. James, there being no opposition. In the Parliamentary election of 1852, the votes for the candidates were :—

C. W. G. Howard (L.)	2375
W. Marshall (L.)	2255
Col. Salkeld (C.), unsuccessful	1964

The next contest took place in 1868 when Mr. Marshall was defeated, and the following was the return :—

W. N. Hodgson (C.)	2621
C. W. G. Howard (L.)	2545
W. Marshall (L.), unsuccessful	2398

Mr. Marshall retained the seat as co-member with Mr. Howard for the space of 21 years. He died in 1872, and was buried in the vault at Patterdale Churchyard on May 23rd, aged 75 years. He was succeeded in the estate by his three sons in succession—viz., John William, George, and Walter James, the latter being succeeded by his

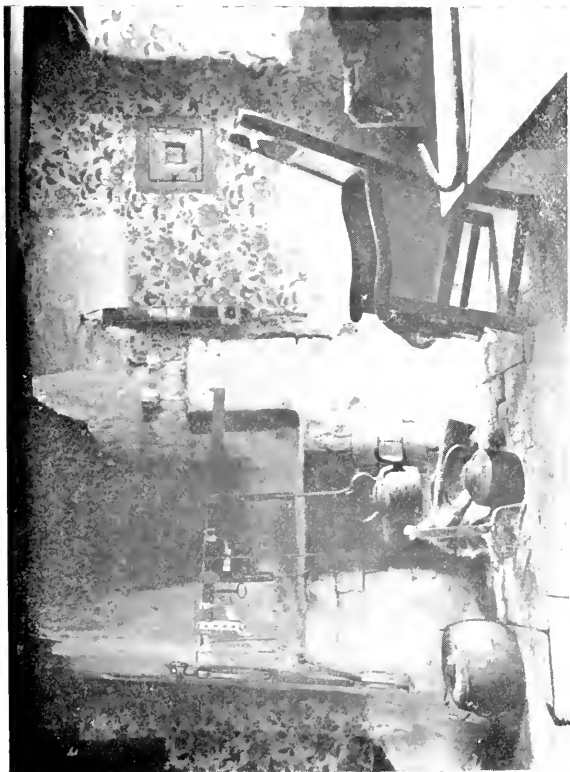
own son William Hibbert, who now reigns at Patterdale. Our present day Mr. Marshall had a son born to him on November 11th, 1902, who is the heir to the estate. He was christened William Martin Walter, at St. Patrick's Church, on Christmas Day, 1902.

THE ASKEWS OF GLENRIDDING

are descended from one Anthony Askew, M.D., of Kendal, who married Anne, daughter of Adam Storrs, Esq., of Storrs Hall. His son Adam settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne about the year 1725, and had a large medical practice. His wife was Anne, daughter of Richard Crackenthorpe, of Newbiggin, Westmorland. Adam died in 1773, and was succeeded by his eldest son Anthony. This Anthony was born in 1722, was an M.D. of London, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Holford, Esq., one of the Masters in Chancery, and had issue three sons, the youngest of whom was Henry. Henry in due time became rector of Greystoke. He was married in 1799 to Anne, daughter of Thomas Sunderland, Esq., of Little Croft, Ulverston, and had issue one son and two daughters. He died at Greystoke, December 25th, 1852. His son Henry William succeeded him at Glenridding House, but he only lived there a few years, and sold it to the Greenside Mining Company, who in turn sold it to Mr. Robert

Bownass. Henry William Askew was born in 1808, married in 1832 to Lucy, daughter of the Hon. and Right Rev. Hugh Percy, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle, and had issue two sons and three daughters. The second son was the late Rev. Edmund Adam Askew, who was born at Glenridding House. He became rector of Greystoke in 1876, and died December 26th, 1901.

The writer was curate with Mr. Askew for nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ years. Glenridding House was built by the Askews early in the nineteenth century.



FIRE-PLACE AT GLENCORN.

Photo. by J. Lowe.

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CHAPTER VIII

Ancient Houses.

HARTSOP HALL.

THE manor house is a very old building. It was once the seat of a distinguished family, whose arms at one time were to be seen above the doorway. It is now occupied as a farmhouse, the owner of which is the Earl of Lonsdale. It was in this house that the Rev. Thomas Thompson, curate of Patterdale, was born. The Lancasters of Sockbridge, one of whom was Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, held the lands round about Hartsop in the early part of the seventeenth century. Sir John Lowther acquired the property by marriage, and his descendant, the present Earl of Lonsdale, is now lord of the manor of Hartsop. There is a right of way through the house.

It was into this house that the notorious gang of burglars attempted to enter with the intention of murdering the whole family. These desperadoes were the terror not only of the neighbourhood of Patterdale, but also in and about Penrith. Robert

Grisdale, the then farmer, was one night riding home on horseback from Cockermouth when he was accosted by two of them when coming through Dockray. He at once perceived what their intentions were, but he showed them his pistol and galloped home in safety. It was not considered safe for any person to be out when darkness had set in. The gang consisted of four men, who went about wearing masks and carrying rifles and pistols. After some time one of them was found out. He was immediately arrested, and turned out to be William Tweddle, a labourer of Penrith. Being now safe in the clutches of the law he turned King's evidence, and informed who his companions were. They were John Woof, a small farmer at Melkinthorpe; William Armstrong, a farm labourer at Eamont Bridge; and John Little, *alias* Sowerby, a swill maker at Clifton Dykes. Woof and Armstrong were at once taken into custody, while Sowerby fled to Newcastle, but was afterwards secured. They were all taken to Penrith. Woof, Armstrong, and Sowerby were sentenced to death, and were executed on September 2nd, 1820, in the old goal at Penrith. Tweddle was transported abroad, and is said to have come to a violent end.

Robert Grisdale, of Patterdale, is the grandson of Robert who lived at Hartsop Hall.

DEEPDALE HALL.

This was once an old manor house, but there is no trace of anything ancient left, and it is now a farmhouse. It formerly belonged to the Howards of Greystoke, but a few years ago it was sold to George Marshall, Esq. There was an Adam de Deepdale, who was High Sheriff for Westmorland in 1197-8. The tenants of the manor of Deepdale used to pay a heriot on the death of a lord or tenant. A heriot is a tribute or fine payable to the lord of the fee on the decease of the owner, landowner, or vassal.

GLENCOIN, GLENCOINE, OR GLENCOYNE.

This was a small manor. Many years ago it consisted of only three customary tenements of the annual rent of £3 4s., a twenty-penny fine on the death of a lord or tenant, and a thirty-penny fine on alienation. The wood, with a fishery, was free, paying an annual quit-rent of two marks. "One Harrison, the possessor of Glencoin, wasted it in fruitless lawsuits contending with the lord of Graystock, an Antaeus in the conflict."

It was purchased by one Graves, who greatly improved its value, and it continued in the possession of one of his descendants until about the year 1830, when the Duke of Norfolk bought it. It

then came into the possession of Henry Howard, Esq., and at his death his son Henry Charles Howard, Esq., became the owner.*

The most interesting feature about the house as it now stands is the fine kitchen with its oaken table and the old-fashioned open grate, around which, years ago, many a good "old yarn was spun."

A great "clipping" takes place here annually about the first Wednesday in July. Friends and neighbours come from far and near to assist the good-natured farmer in "fleecing" the sheep. When the work is over the company sit down to a substantial meal, after which a chairman is elected, a merry meeting takes place, and many an historical song and tale goes round. One clipper I must mention, and he is John Robinson of Matterdale, who has now long passed the allotted span of three score years and ten. He has hardly missed a Glencoin clipping now for nearly fifty years, and even in July, 1902, he was able to fleece a couple of Herdwicks. May his remaining years be crowned with good health and peace.

The Messrs. Wilkinson Bros. are the present farmers, and they are always pleased to see their friends give them a "call." Close by are a few

* William Graves was the master of a house in Lincolns Inn Fields, which was famous for selling Burton ale. He bought the estate for £600, and afterwards sold it for the sum of £4,000.



SHEEP-SHEARING AT THE HOME FARM.

Photo. by J. Lowe.

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houses which have an appropriate name, "Seldom Seen," for they *are* seldom seen.

NELL HOUSE.

This is now called the "Patterdale Hotel." Various names have been given to this house from time to time. Its first recorded name was "King's Arms," then came the "Queen's Arms," followed by "Gelderd's Family Hotel," and now at the present day the "Patterdale Hotel." It has been a fine old hostelry in its time.

Among the visitors who have stayed here are King Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, Sir Henry Irving, the poet Wordsworth, and many others.

THE ULLSWATER HOTEL.

This house can hardly be called an ancient one, having only been built some forty years. It was built by Mr. Robert Bownass, and his son Mr. Thomas Bownass is the present owner. It ranks as one of the finest hotels in the Lake District, and is well fitted up in every way. It is lighted by electricity.

It has been patronised by royalty, and some of the highest celebrities and notabilities in the land.

CHAPTER IX.

The Medical Men.

WE are told that “formerly, if a person became sick, especially the mistress of a family, it was usual for those of the neighbours who were more particularly connected with the party by amicable offices to visit the house, carrying a present. This practice, which was by no means obsolete in Wordsworth’s time, was called ‘owning’ the family, and was regarded as a pledge of a disposition to be otherwise serviceable in a time of disability and distress.” (Hudson.)

One of the first resident medical men in the dale was Giles Lewis Allen in 1846, who always signed himself “G. L. Allen, surgeon.” Before his time the nearest physician lived at Pooley Bridge, and when any sick person desired a visit or physic a messenger would walk, ride, or drive to Pooley, and before that time he would be compelled to go to Penrith on the one side, or Ambleside on the other. A long way it was, and especially in those days, when the roads were bad and the modes of conveyance limited. To walk or ride to Pooley

one would travel *via* Howtown, and not by way of Watermillock, for it is somewhat nearer than by the latter way. The people of the dale, as a rule, come from a healthy stock, but at times need the skill of a gentleman versed in medicine.

We have had physicians residing in Patterdale now for nearly sixty years. I have been unable to obtain a correct list of the physicians, but the following are the names of some of them :—Drs. Allen, Hobson, Martindale, Dale, Macnalty, Bain, Sprott, and Wilkins.

Dr. Hobson lived at Bridgend, was drowned in the river Deepdale on January 4th, 1853, and was buried in the Churchyard on January 9th, aged 31 years. His wife was the daughter of the Rev. John Thompson.

There is a stained-glass window on the south side of the church, which was erected to the memory of Dr. John Walker Martindale by voluntary subscriptions from his patients. He died in 1874, and was buried in Mardale Churchyard. He sprung from the old stock of the "Kings of Mardale"—the Holmes, and his brother, Mr. William Holme Martindale, still lives in the parish. It is supposed that the Holmes of Mardale came over to England with the Conqueror in 1066, and the title of "King" was given to a member of the family about the reign of King John for some gallant deed which

was done. The last "King of Mardale" died a few years ago in the person of Hugh Holme.

Dr. Dale and Dr. Macnalty had but brief residences in the dale, for they obtained practices elsewhere.

Dr. Bain died on January 10th, and was buried in Patterdale Churchyard on January 15th, 1892, aged 49 years.

Dr. Andrew Sprott commenced duties on January 1st, 1892, and left for a practice in Appleby on January 15th, 1903, having been in the dale for a little over eleven years.

His successor is Dr. Arthur Godfrey Wilkins, from Manchester. Dr. Wilkins arrived here on January 1st, 1903, and one of his first important duties was seeing the parson to having his banns published in church. They were duly given out, and he entered the bonds of holy wedlock on Monday, January 26th, 1903.

CHAPTER X.

The Guardians of the Peace.

EVEN in this beautiful dale there was need of protection to property and the person years ago. In the first instance, one man would probably be deputed by his neighbours to take his turn to watch their interests. Then came the old-timed "parish constable," who was, as a rule, a native—a man who should be at least six feet in height and proportionately stout, so that he could be a terror to those smaller built than himself. He would follow his daily avocation, perhaps, of a farmer, a shepherd, or some other work. Sometimes he was a yeoman.

I have only been able to find out the names of two of these so-called "parish constables"—John Mounsey of Greenbank and George Harrison. The last named is still alive, and lives at Hartsop. In his younger days he must have been a fine fellow, and he still bears traces of the fine old typical Englishman. He was born in the month of August, 1818, and is now therefore in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He "wrought" at Greenside

for over fifty years, and has had no ill effects from the (poisonous) lead. He takes great interest in local and other affairs, enjoys a good "crack," can "spin" some delightful yarns, and give some interesting reminiscences of his younger days.

One of the chief troubles these "parish constables" had to contend with was sheep stealing. Another trouble was the "merry nights." These "merry nights" took place annually at the Cross Keys Inn, now the Brotherswater Hotel. In its day this house was a noted one for the quarrymen of Hartsop. John Mounsey was called in many times when these "murry neets" were on, and his salutation on entering the room very often was :—

In the name of the King, let silence reign supreme, meaning let the row or rows abate, and friendship take place. But those "neets" are now a thing of the past. Sanderson says "a merry night is, as its name imports, a night appropriated to mirth and festivity. It takes place at some country ale-house during the holidays of Christmas, a season in which the peasants refused to be governed by the cold and niggardly maxims of economy and thrift."

The chief office for the government of the county is held by the Lord Lieutenant. The next officer is the Sheriff, and he holds office for one

year only ; and, as a keeper of the King's peace, he is really the first man in the county, and takes precedence over every man, noble or otherwise, within the county. The first Sheriff of Westmorland on record is William FitzHugh, in the reign of Henry II. (1160), in a trial between Robert de Musgrave and the Abbot of Bvland in the County Court of Appleby. The Sheriff for 1902-3 is William Hibbert Marshall, Esq., of Patterdale Hall. Besides the Lord Lieutenant and Sheriff, the county possesses an Under-Sheriff, Justices of the Peace, &c.

When Sir Robert Peel's Police Bill was passed, the two counties (Cumberland and Westmorland) joined together *re* the constabulary at the January Quarter Sessions in 1857. One Chief Constable for the two counties was appointed, being the only two counties in England that are so. The first "chief" appointed was John Dunne, Esq., who was knighted in 1897 by her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and retired from the office in September, 1902, being succeeded by C. de Courcy Parry, Esq., formerly Chief Constable of Bath.

In the year 1857 a "regular" constable was stationed at Patterdale.* The constables from this year (1857) have resided more or less in one of the cottages near Grisdale Bridge. Eagle

* The first police cell was in one of the outbuildings of Side Farm, the iron bars remaining to the present day.

Cottage was built especially for the police, but before a constable was placed there the then Inspector condemned it as being "inaccessible." In 1901, 1902, and 1903 a new Police Station was built, and a palatial residence it is, and the expenses of *the* palace come out of the ratepayers' pockets. It contains two "very secure cells," the iron doors of which were brought from Appleby, and had been in use for many years in the old County Goal, but which has now been done away with. During the last twenty years only about half-a-dozen prisoners have been locked-up in Patterdale, and for one night each.

The names of the "regular" constables who have been stationed in the dale from 1857 to the year 1903 are as follows :--

Police-constable Wilkinson	...	1857-1862
Police-constable Curry	1862-1866
Police-constable John Craigie	...	1866-1869
Police-constable Jefferson Robinson...		1869-1875
Police-constable Iredale	1875-1876
Police-constable Russell	15 weeks.
Police-constable John Blaylock	...	1876-1885
Police-constable John Joseph Sproat		1885-1888
Police-constable Gilbertson	...	1888-1897
Police-constable Fisher	1897-1900
Police-constable Shaw	1900.

Police-constable Craigie was buried in Patterdale Churchyard on September 18th, 1869, aged 37 years.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mines and the Quarries.

THE MINES.

IT is said that Greenside Mines are among the oldest lead and silver mines in the United Kingdom. The first working took place about 250 years ago, but then on a very small scale. They have now the latest machinery, and are well fitted up with electric light. Mr. Nixon Westmorland, of Clifton, has kindly contributed the following account, which appeared in the *Herald* a few months ago :—“One of the chief attractions to visitors is the lead mines, which, as most people are aware, forms the staple industry. Probably it may be of interest, not only to the young dalesfolk, but to your readers to learn something of the history and originators of the present company. Almost a century ago there met in the parlour of the Angel Inn, Penrith, four individuals to discuss the prospects of opening out the lead mines at Patterdale, which had been worked but abandoned some years previously. The outcome of their

deliberations was that these four gentlemen agreed to provide the money for prospecting on condition that they came to some agreement with the lord of the manor, the then Duke of Norfolk, Greystoke Castle. The latter granted a lease, but I have heard my mother say there was some difficulty in the signing of it, and it was never signed by the then duke, who died before the negotiations were completed. The first lease was signed by the late Henry Howard, Esq. (father of the present owner, H. C. Howard, Esq.), the successor to the lord of the manor, and heir to the Greystoke estates. The original share or leaseholders about the year 1820 were Mr. Thomas Cant, grocer, Penrith, the father of the late Mr. Tom Cant, of the firm of Messrs. Cant & Fairer; Mr. Rickerby, gentleman farmer, Burrell Green, Great Salkeld, who at that time owned Burrell Green estate; Mr. Curl, a Scotchman, who lived over the Border, but who frequented Penrith, where he was well known; and my father, Joseph Westmorland, of the Angel Inn, Penrith. Mr. Cant was a shrewd and capable business man, and took great interest in the Patterdale mines, the agent being a Mr. John Errington, an Alston Moor man. After working the mines some time a company was formed about 1822, of what was termed 64 shares, Mr. Cant being the largest shareholder. Things did not prosper as well as they would have liked just after

the initiation of the present company. My mother once told me that on one occasion Mr. Cant was at their house, and seemed in a very dull mood. She ventured to inquire how the mines were progressing. He said he was sorry to say that there was a slump in lead, the metal having come down to £11 10s. per ton—a very unsatisfactory price. At any rate, the company managed to keep afloat, and in time to flourish; but I may here remark that neither Mr. Cant nor my father lived to see these prosperous times. Mr. Cant died at Shap Wells, where he had gone for his health. To show the prosperity of the mines after being worked some ten years by the present company, I may relate that soon after my father's death my mother disposed of his interest in the mines to the late George Rimington, Esq., Tynefield, Penrith. My father owned one thirty-second share and one sixty-fourth share. In 1827 the former was worth £200, whilst the latter was worth £100. These are facts from the sale sheet. The mines continued to prosper, and became so wealthy that in the year 1837 one sixty-fourth share was worth £1,000. So much for speculation. In those days people were very sceptical with regard to speculating in shares. They generally hoarded up their treasure in the bank, or placed it in stone and mortar—something that they could see for their money. At the time I speak about there were no smelt

mills at Patterdale. The metal, after being washed, was put into bags; holding about 1 cwt. each. The whole was carted to Penrith, where it was met by a string of horses and carts and conveyed to Alston, where it was smelted, and eventually from there put on the market. The pay days, which only came twice a year, took place at the Angel Inn, Penrith, where the agent (Mr. Errington) attended to pay the men. The miners, some accompanied by their wives, used to walk into Penrith. Others came by boat to Pooley, there being no 'Raven' or 'Lady of the Lake' in those days; whilst others came in carts — conveyances, or light carts as they were called, being very scarce in the country at that time. Mr. Cant's shop on Patterdale miners' pay day used to be like a fair, almost all the miners being supplied with provisions by him throughout the six months, their 'better halves' putting in an appearance on pay days to straighten up their shop bill. These pay visits continued until the year 1835, when a serious misfortune took place at Patterdale amongst some of the miners. It was always surmised that there was a little jealousy amongst the natives, and a parishioner was stabbed to death. The sad affair took place on a Sunday night (March 8th, 1835), when two miners, one named Joseph Bainbridge and the other Greenwell, both natives of Alston, had been down into what

is termed the 'Township' (in the White Lion Inn), and whilst there had got into a quarrel with some of the residents. After dark they started for the mines, and whilst traversing one of the lanes leading out of Patterdale, they went into the dyke to cut themselves each a thick stick to provide weapons of defence should their assailants trouble them again. While in the hedge someone approached, and Greenwell, thinking it was one of their opponents, rushed out at him and stabbed him in the abdomen with the clasp-knife he was using. He turned out not to be a miner at all, but a young parishioner returning to his home.* The two miners were tried at Appleby Spring Assizes in the year 1836. Bainbridge was acquitted and Greenwell was sentenced to death, but was reprieved and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Greenwell was a quiet young man about 20 years of age, of light build, and bore an excellent character. Bainbridge was a powerful fellow, a kind-hearted chap, but rather rough in

* This young parishioner was buried in Patterdale Churchyard, close to where the old church stood, on March 12th, 1835. The following is taken from his tombstone:—"To the memory of Thomas, son of Robert and Elizabeth Grisdale of Hartsop Hall, who was brutally murdered by an unprovoked assassin on the evening of Sunday, March 8th, 1835, aged 27 years."

By man's worst crime he fell and not his own,
 Belov'd he lived and dying left a name,
 With which his parents mark this votive stone,
 The grief is theirs, th' assassin bears the shame.
 Better to sleep tho' in an early grave,
 Than like the murder'r Cain exist a banished slave.

his manner, and somewhat quarrelsome when he had any drink. After his release he went into Durham to work in the coalpits, and I have heard my brother John, who lived at Hartlepool, say that he was one of the best coal hewers in the county. After the affair the officials thought it prudent and more safe to pay the men at the mines and not bring them into Penrith, hence the abandonment of Patterdale pay days at 'Peerith.' On the mines opening out and prospering there was an influx of miners into the vicinity for which Patterdale could not provide shelter, it only being a small hamlet then. Many lived in Penrith and the neighbourhood. It was a very common thing in those days to see a string of miners with their wallets thrown over their shoulders containing their week's provisions, accompanied by lads who used to act as lead washers, on their way to the mines. Amongst those whom I remember living in the town may be mentioned Thomas Hutchinson and three sons. Tom afterwards acted for many years as huntsman for Mr. Crozier, Threlkeld, whilst Charley went to America. There were also Jim, John, and Ned Walsh. The two former emigrated to Australia with a Mr. Hethorn, who resided at Melmerby Hall, and who went out to the Colony very soon after gold was discovered there. He took a batch of miners out for prospecting, but I am sorry to say that he died on the

day after they landed, and each man had to look out for himself. Jim Welsh was fortunate, and returned after two years to Penrith with 360 odd ounces of gold. Two very old miners, Tommy Gibson and Nickel Jack, resided at Townhead. There were William, Joseph, and Charles Eddy, and Jim Redmond. A younger lot included John Mains, who kept the Miners' Arms, which derived its name from the landlord's calling. Another well-known miner was Toby Tindall, and one named Oglethorpe, well known by the name of "Locks," from having almost white hair although quite a young man. I can only recollect one old miner (Willie Jackson) who, together with his wife Peggy, lived to a very old age. It fell to their lot to celebrate their golden wedding. They had, I believe, four sons, who were all miners. One of them named Robert, or Bob as he was called, died a hero's death, for he gave his life to save that of his brother John. They were descending into the mines, and Robert had reached the bottom; John had just commenced the descent, when he lost his hold. Robert at a glance recognised the danger, and placed his back to break the fall, but the impact drove his ribs into his intestines. He partly recovered, but eventually succumbed to the injuries received. He cannot be counted less than a hero, for he gave a life to save a life."

Since Mr. Westmorland wrote the foregoing, he has written me a letter in which he says:—"I knew most of the miners through coming to my mother's (house), and also through my father being one of the original shareholders. I forgot to mention in my article that the second manager at the mines was one Edward Little, an Alston Moor man; and who subsequently became master at the Workhouse, which at that time was at Eamont Bridge, where he died. I might also add that I can well remember the murder which I mentioned. On the Sunday night following the murder there was a tremendous fall of snow in (1835). I am almost certain that I am right regarding the year of our Lord, but it is a long way to look back to. I well remember that in bringing the two prisoners to Appleby Goal it took some considerable time through having to cut their way through the high snowdrifts. I can also remember my mother (Mrs. Mary Westmorland) going to Appleby previous to the trial—there was no Eden Valley Railway then—to take Greenwell, who did the deed, a shirt, because the one he wore was all bespattered with the victim's blood in front of the chest, and she thought what a serious thing it was for a man to be tried in a blood-marked shirt."

* * * * *

Mr. Westmorland has now passed the allotted

span. He is to be congratulated on having such a perfect memory, and I am sure my readers will join with me in wishing him years of good health, happiness, and prosperity. Considering the years these mines have been in work very few accidents have occurred. A serious accident took place on April 9th, 1901, about 12 noon. Four men—Joseph and James Watson (brothers), Nanson, and John William Lancaster—sat down together “to their bait.” After being there but a few minutes the ground underneath gave way, and three men were hurled to the bottom of the “shaft.” Joseph Watson somehow or other managed to scramble and save himself, James Watson received some internal bruises, while Nanson had bruises on the head from the falling débris, which brought on concussion of the brain for a few weeks. These three are still alive and well, but the fourth (J. W. Lancaster) was killed instantly. He was 37 years old, and was buried in Patterdale Churchyard on April 13th, 1901.

Since the above was written another mishap has occurred in connection with the mines. A miner named George Chapelhow disappeared somewhat suddenly. On December 1st, 1902, he left work at 4-30 p.m. and went to the “shops”—a sort of barracks, and about 8 p.m. he asked the master of the “washings” if he should go and turn the water off. He was told not to go, but about 10 p.m. he

got up and, lighting a lantern, told the men that he was going to turn the water off. The sluice to which he had to go to was a mile away. The night was extremely dark, and somewhat wet. As he did not return by midnight some of the men went out with lanterns in search of him. They arrived at the sluice, but the water was not turned off, and they kept up the search all night. For a few days after searchers were despatched all over the Fell, but with no success. His stick was found, but no trace of him, and they feared then he must have got into Keppel Cove Tarn. The tarn was ice-bound. After nearly a fortnight's search the mystery was solved on December 13th, when the sluice was opened and the body discovered. An inquest was held on December 15th, when the jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." He was buried in Patterdale Churchyard the same afternoon. He was 40 years of age and unmarried.

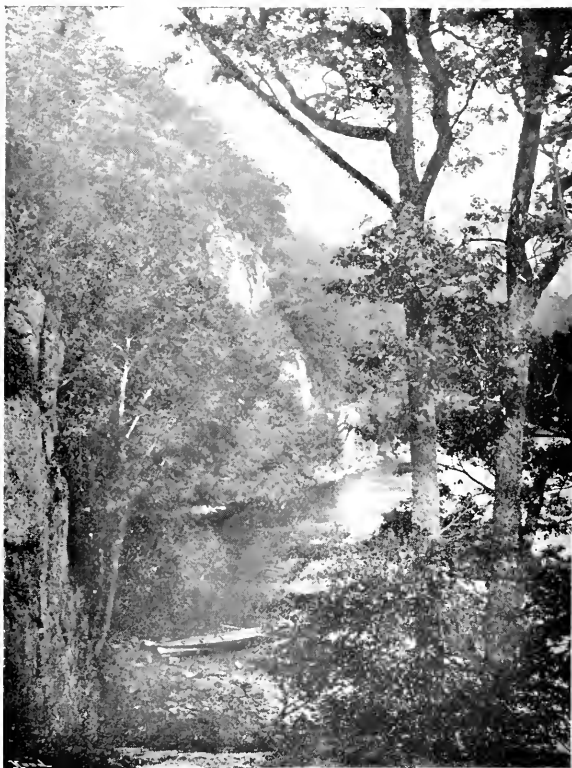
THE QUARRIES.

The Hartsop Slate Quarries have been worked for at least the last 200 years. At one time a great number of hands was employed, and the village of Hartsop in those days contained a much larger population than the village of Patterdale. The slates at these quarries are of the best "green," supposed at one time to be superior to any in the north of England. They were sledged

down to Kirkstone Foot, and from there brought on horseback to the head of the Lake, then ferried down to Pooley in boats carrying about six or eight tons. Some of the slate was conveyed to Sandsfield on the Solway Firth, and there shipped for different parts of the Kingdom, especially Ireland. Owing to the great expense of conveyance these quarries have remained idle for a number of years, but happily they were again opened early in 1902. To good fell-walkers I would give advice gratis—"Walk to Hartsop Quarries, and see for yourselves." There are also stone and slate quarries on the side of Place Fell, which have been open for considerably over 100 years.

The following paragraph is a copy from the *Survey of the Lakes*, published 1789:—"From a tree in the meadow below Broadwater (Brotherswater), called Hartsop-high-field, is a view I very much admire; you have the best view of the road, &c., to a large quarrey, from which the blue slate is brought down to the foot of the mountain, not by horses, but by men: a man will carry eight hundredweight at a time, and go faster with it than without it: trials of that kind having been often made. The slate is laid upon a barrow, which is called a 'trail-barrow;' it has two inclining handles or stangs, between which the man is placed, going like a horse before the weight, and

has nothing more to do than keep it in the tract, and prevent it from running too fast. Those who are dexterous will not sometimes set a foot on the ground for ten or twelve yards together ; but the barrow will often run away with an unskilful person, which was my case when I made an attempt. The length that is so carried is here about half a mile ; the ascent so steep that to many persons it is easier than the descent."



STYBARROW CRAG.

TO FACE P. 78.

Photo. by J. Lowe.

CHAPTER XII.

The Lakes, the Echoes, and Aira Force.

THE LAKES.

THERE has been so much written at one time and another about Ullswater that I will only mention one or two points of interest.* Ullswater may have received its name from being situated among the mountains, for “hul” in the ancient Saxon signified a mountain. A Dr. Burn supposes it took its name from its owner—Lyulph or Ulphas, the first baron of Graystock ; but there is no proof that Lyulph had possessions here. The conjecture that the name is derived from “Wolf Water” is somewhat more probable, as the aspect of the environs of the lake everywhere encourages the idea that this was the resort of wolves for ages ; or, it is still more probably derived from the Celtic

* A writer says :—“ This beautiful lake, embedded amid picturesque and sublime scenery, is the first in England, and combines the beauties of nearly all the other lakes in Cumberland and Westmorland.” The noted Bains, in 1826, acknowledged that “ the head of Ullswater surpassed in combined grandeur and beauty all that he had seen in his extensive tours.”

“ulle” (whence the Latin “ulna”), the bend or elbow, which is no inaccurate description of the form of the lake.

Ullswater is nine miles long. The country about the lowest part of the lake is rather tame ; but, as it advances into Patterdale, the mountains become more majestic, and their sides embellished with a variety of native wood and rocky scenery. In its highest sweep it is ornamented with three small rocky islands—Cherry Holme, Wall Holme, and House Holme. In the eighteenth century the lake was well stocked with fish, and Patterdale was even then the resort of many disciples of Isaac Walton, who came to enjoy the sport. Ullswater trout was considered a great delicacy. Clark, in his *Survey of the Lakes*, gives us some of the prices—salmon, 3d. per lb. ; Ullswater trout, 3d. ; char, 3d. ; stream trout, 2d.

Wordsworth tells us of some of his friends in the year 1805 :—“ The fishermen drew their net ashore, and hundreds of fish were leaping in their prison. They were all of the kind called skellies, a sort of fresh water herring, shoals of which may sometimes be seen dimpling or rippling the surface of the lake in calm weather. The species is not found, I believe, in any other of these lakes ; nor, as far as I know, is the chevin, that spiritless fish which must frequent Ullswater, as I have seen a large shoal passing into the lake from the river

Eamont. Here are no pike, and the char are smaller than those of the other lakes and of inferior quality, but the grey trout attains a very large size." There is at the present day good fishing in Ullswater, Brotherswater, and the numerous streams.

The following is a description of a storm on the lake, written by a native of Penrith :—

All was tranquil, no heavy cloud dimmed the face of heaven, scarcely a breeze rippled the translucent and gently gliding surface of the lake; but whilst we remained here, one of those sudden transitions, so peculiar to this locality, came on with murkiness in the sky and drizzling rain. Soon the dark and surcharged rainclouds hung out their dripping curtains on the mountain tops, and the storm gathered thick around us; sombre darkness, that might almost be felt, enveloped us. The waterspouts of heaven poured down their utmost fury; dark, portentous, heavy clouds in dense masses, borne on the wings of the dead blast, floated past with accelerated speed as if chasing each other, hissing and bursting upon every eminence—the vivid and sheeted flashes of fire, both over our heads and far below our feet, darted illuminating rays of lurid light around, sufficient to lighten up the (darkness visible) — the loud-pealed and long-continued thunder shook the arch of heaven with its tumult; one tremendous shock followed another, rolled with terrific and deafening noises among the varied rocks, and up amid the many deep chasms and valleys, in successive reverberations—the lake birds wheeled to and fro, on bewildered pinions and with discordant shrieks, through the darkened skies—the tall trees bowed their heads, and shook the broad belt of

wet leaves — the heaving and encroaching waters were fearfully agitated, resembling a ruffled sea, and their white curling foam, free and wild, dashed upon the shore in majestic fury, to many times their common altitude, then died away in mournful cadence ; this incessant rolling of the turbid surge heightened the gloomy character of the scene, for Nature seemed in an uproar. Dangers threatened and surrounded us from this “*tremblement de terre*,” and for nearly an hour we remained in a perilous state, exposed to the incessant pelting of the pitiless storm, which seemed to wreak its vengeance on our defenceless heads, as if the great Creator, who spake all things into being, was about to destroy both us and the beauties in which we had revelled, and the spirit of the storm to sing our requiem ; the voice of God speaking from the clouds every moment adding awfulness to a scene already terrific. Dame Nature at last resumed her loveliness, hushed all into a calm serenity, and seemed as if, exhausted with her previous exhaustion, she had cradled herself to repose ; her tumults subsided, all was again tranquil and beautiful ; the trees stood erect, and were motionless ; the waves fell upon the shore in subdued cadence ; the beautiful tints of the bow in the clouds were seen, and hailed as tokens of truce amongst the battling elements.

Ullswater has been frozen from end to end several times even in the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants. The following years are noted ones :—1607-8, 1814-5, 1838-9, 1851-2, 1878-9, 1883-4, and 1894-5. The first known record of the lake being one mass of ice is the copy of an entry in the Parish Register of Watermillock :—

In the yeare of our Lord 1607, being the fifth yeare of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lord James First, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., was a marvellous grete frost which continued from the 1st daie of December until the 16th daie of Februarie after. Ulleswater was frozen over and so continued from the 6th daie of December until the 22nd daie of Februarie, so strong that men in grete companies made a common way from John Barton's doore to Ffewsedaille Wyke, and men of Martindail carried sheepe on at Barton's and off at Sharrow Sandes. Men went up the same water and horses with sledges loaded with corne. Upon the sixt daie of Januarie the young folkes of Soulbie went into the midst of the same water and a minstrelle with them, and there danced all the afternoon. On Shrove Tuesday, being the 10th daie of Februarie, at Wethermaelock was a bonfire builded on the ice, and matches of skatin gott and a pot of ale drunk by visitors at the charges of Edward Wilson of Benethead, Anthonie Rumney, Ffrancis Rumney, John Castlehow, and others.

The praises of Ullswater have been many times sung, but I think the following is one of the best :—

Thee, savage Thirlmere, now I hail ;
 Delicious Grasmere's calm retreat,
 And stately Windermere I greet ;
 And Keswick's sweet fantastic vale.
 But let her Naiads yield to thee
 And lowly bend the subject knee
 Imperial Lake of Patterdale ;
 For neither Scottish Lomond's Pride,
 Nor smooth Killarney's silver tide,

Nor aught that learned Poussin drew
 Or dashing Rosa flung upon my view,
 Shall shake the sovereign undisturbed right
 Great scenes of wonder and supreme delight.

—*Cumberland.**

The other lakes in the neighbourhood are Brotherswater, or Broad Water, so called from the circumstance of two brothers being drowned together in it by the breaking of the ice in 1785.

Red Tarn covers twenty acres, and lies 762 feet below the summit of Helvellyn, being 2356 feet above the level of the sea, and is therefore the highest tarn in England.

A cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow,
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below.

—*Wordsworth's "Fidelity."*

Other tarns are Keppel Cove, Hayswater (or East Water), Angle Tarn, and Grisdale Tarn.

THE ECHOES.

"The most celebrated echoes are said to be found on Ullswater, in some of which the sound of a cannon is distinctly reverberated six or seven times. It first rolls over the head in one vast

* Mr. Cumberland wrote his beautiful "Ode to the Sun," and published it in 1776. The reader will at once see that he sung the charms of Ullswater in preference to Windermere, Grasmere, and the vale of Keswick, and also raised it above the pride of Lomond and the marvellous Killarney.

peal ; then subsiding a few seconds, it rises again in a grand interrupted burst, perhaps on the right ; another solemn pause ensues, then the sound rises again on the left. Thus thrown from rock to rock in a sort of aerial perspective, it is caught again by some near promontory and, returning full in the ear, surprises you, after you thought all had been over, with as great a peal as at first. But the grandest effect of this kind is produced by a successive discharge of a cannon at the interval of a few seconds between each discharge. The effect of the first is not over when the echoes of the second, the third, and perhaps the fourth begin. Such a variety of awful sounds mixing and commixing, and at the same moment heard from all sides, have a wonderful effect on the mind. On a still evening can be counted 25 distinct reverberations from the discharge of a swivel with only two ounces of powder. Some of the vessels on the lake are armed with swivel guns to try the echoes, which, in a great variety of stations, are very fine." (From a book published in 1798.)

Behind the Patterdale Hotel is a crag, which was at one time known as "Nell Crag," and on this crag about seventy years ago was a cannon, which was occasionally fired to the great delight of the visitors. The result was "a beautiful echo resounding." A very good echo is produced on Kirkstone top by the coach-drivers with the horn.

LYULPH'S TOWER AND AIRA FORCE.

The house stands upon the site of a real old tower, named, it is said, after Lyulph, the first baron of Greystoke. It commands a beautiful view of the lake, and the present owner is H. C. Howard, Esq. The celebrated bloodhound Tyler was kept in this tower, and died here in January, 1835.

Clarke, in his *Survey of the Lakes*, published in 1798, says :—

With regard to Lyulph, I find one of that name mentioned by Speed, Guthrie, and other old historians. He is said, at the time of the Norman Conquest, to have retreated hither that he might enjoy more liberty than he could do in the more southern counties. He lived here for some time in great retirement, till at length (in 1080) he went upon a visit to Walcher, Bishop of Durham. Being a young man he was much caressed by the bishop, and thus raised the envy and jealousy of Gilbert, one of the bishop's chaplains and kinsmen. Gilbert, fearing that Lyulph might supplant him in the bishop's favour, murdered him, and found means to make his escape; but, no sooner was the death of Lyulph known, than the remembrance of his amiable conduct raised such indignation in the midst of the people that the bishop grew very apprehensive of the consequences, and loudly disclaimed all knowledge of the affair. This, however, availed little; the minds of the people were filled with such a detestation of all that were any way concerned in the death of their beloved lord that, contrary to the customs of even those barbarous times, they entered the church, whither the bishop had fled for sanctuary, and killed him at the very altar.

Close by the tower is Aira Force, which is one of the finest waterfalls in the Lake District. This glen is the scene of Wordsworth's "Somnambulist," verses in which he narrates a melancholy incident to the following effect :—" A beautiful lady named Emma dwelt in the old castle. She was betrothed to a knight, Sir Eglamour. This knight went abroad to foreign lands; and, being longer away on his travels than the lady had thought of, her mind became deranged, so that she used to walk in her sleep to the seat near the fall, where she had last parted with her lover. The knight, returning home one evening, saw her by the water. He first believed it to be a phantom, and going up quietly he touched her. She at once woke out of her sleep, and fell into the stream. He plunged in and saved her, but only in time for her to die in his arms. He then built a cell close by, and lived by himself for some years after." The reader is requested to turn to Wordsworth's poems and read the "Somnambulist," as it is of too great a length for this short volume. I give the last verse :—

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial days,
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
 Are edged with golden rays !
 Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,
 Though minister of sorrow ;
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even ;
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shall take thy place with Yarrow !

CHAPTER XIII.

Hunting.

WE have read from books that fox, stag, and other kinds of hunting took place hundreds of years since up the fells and down the dales. Years ago the country around Penrith was a deer forest—the Crown forest of Inglewood. It stretched from the Eden Valley to the Solway Marshes, and for many years the stags were in charge of the monks of Holme Cultram Abbey, who were allowed to take timber from the forest in return for their labours. The stags were of great haunch and head, and they did so much damage to the farmers' crops that Edward III. gave the people of Penrith grazing rights in the forest by way of compensation. The manor of Inglewood came into the hands of the Dukes of Portland and Devonshire at a later date, and Inglewood was not disforested until the early years of the nineteenth century.

In the Martindale country, which the Dalemains pack hunted when Inglewood was no longer a

forest, an ancestress of Lord Lonsdale used to attend the meet in coach-and-four with outriders, creating a great sensation among the assembled sportsmen. Martindale used to be a separate and independent manor till it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Sussex as parcel of the barony of Barton. The manor consisted of small tenements, and Clarke tells us that "the tenants could have what grass they could take with the scythe." There was also an agreement "not to drive the lord's deer out of the grass (forest) at any time of the year." Whenever the lord hunted the stag the bailiff summoned all the tenants before sunset the preceding night to attend the hunt. This service, which they rendered once a year, was called "Boon Day," and for this every tenant had his dinner and a quart of ale, and the first person who seized the hunted deer had the head for his trouble. The deer in the Martindale Forest and upon Place Fell are the red deer. A red deer swims the quickest and strongest of any animal except swine. A few years ago I saw one in the lake swimming between Airey Beck and Sandwick. A conquered stag has been known to live many years quite alone. There is one at present near Dove Crag, which has had its abode there for the last dozen years.

Clarke tells in his *Survey of the Lakes* the following :—

In the year 1741 a deer, which laid a considerable way out of the forest, was complained of by the farmers. The keeper, therefore, sent his servant John Brown with a foxhound called Rockwood to fetch him into the forest or kill him. The dog soon roused the deer, and run him upwards of twenty miles, when he came to Howtown as if to take the lake. He did not, however, but running alongside of it three miles, crossed it at the foot, and ascended Dunmallet. He then crossed Soulby Fell and run towards Dacre, where Mr. Hasell met him with his whole kennel of hounds. They pursued him to Hutton John, where he was harboured. Rockwood soon roused him, and drove him full in the face of Mr. Hasell's dogs, but they were unable to take him. He then run through the whole pack like a hare through a flock of sheep, though he had followed the deer almost thirty miles, and in about two miles more took him, though not before he received a mortal wound from the horns. The deer was then brought to Dalemmain, where he died in about three hours, and when opened was found to have almost all his suet melted.

It is said that Edward I. killed two hundred bucks in a few days somewhere in the neighbourhood of Penrith. From an old book published at the end of the eighteenth century I have taken the following :—

Old people speak of the noble diversion of hunting the stag, and they describe with particular pleasure Philip, Duke of Wharton, riding on a gallant steed at a terrific pace with the hounds to capture a stag, which was driven into the lake, and then taken up by boats.

Most men are sportsmen by constitution, and there is an inherent spirit in human nature as scarce any inhibitions or difficulties can constrain. The peaceful and hardy inhabitants here frequently indulged in the pleasure of the chase. The fox is pursued with great ardour by the shepherds, who keep hounds for the protection of their flock. (1798.)

The above gives us the idea of hunting over a hundred years ago. Wolves must have been very numerous in “ye olden dayes.” They would roam about the fells during the day, and at night come down to the valleys in search of food. But, I am thankful to say, the wolf is now an animal of the past in our country. The churchwardens of some parishes used to pay for the extermination of vermin, and the following were some of the fees—viz.,

For killing a fox	10 groats.
For killing a fox's cub	3 groats.
For killing an eagle	3 groats.
For killing a wild cat	2 groats.
For killing a raven	1 groat.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were two packs of foxhounds in the neighbourhood—one at Patterdale, and the other at Matterdale. The masters of both packs were very proud of their respective charges, and great jealousy existed between the huntsmen. There was, therefore, great rivalry between the two villages. It is said

of a gentleman now dead that on one occasion he saw the hounds coming in full cry in the direction of his own house, with reynard before them. He enquired whose hounds they were. "Patterdale," was the reply. "Then I join you," and good sport they had.

Years ago the Patterdale hounds had their abode at Hartsop, and they were afterwards removed to near Patterdale Hall, where they remained until about thirty years ago. In or about the year 1871 the two packs became one, and were placed together in the kennels at Grassthwaite How.

The last master of the hounds before amalgamation was John Gelderd, and his predecessors were John Grisdale and John Walton. William Rewcastle was a whip for some years while the hounds were at Hartsop, and when he removed from Patterdale was presented with a watch and chain by the hunt. Daniel Pattinson was for some time a huntsman. The first master of the combined packs was J. W. Marshall, Esq., and his huntsman Abraham Pattinson, who both retained their positions for the space of six years. J. E. Hasell, Esq., Dalemmain, then became master, with Joe Bowman as huntsman, and they have been connected with the Patterdale or Ullswater hounds for the last twenty-four years.

The Matterdale hounds were "kennelled" at Baldhow, and were sometimes called the "Matterdale," "Baldhow," or "Taylor" pack. They were called the "Taylor" pack because at one time "Squire" Taylor of Baldhow was the then owner. One of the last, if not the last, huntsman or whip of these Matterdale hounds was Joe Dawson, now an old man of nearly eighty summers, who lives in the village of Greystoke. He sprung from the stock of the "old Matterdale Dawsons." Many are the "cracks" I have had with old Joe about his early hunting days. His keenness of hunting one day took him from Pooley to Cross Fell and back, a distance of nearly forty miles, and all on foot. All Joe's fore-elders have been infected with the spirit of reynard hunting, and his nephew is now with us—viz., the above-mentioned Joe Bowman. He is a sportsman in every sense of the word, and has won many friends by his cheery and frank disposition. It would have been quite worth his while to have kept a record of the mileage he has done during his years of "walking" with the hounds. The Ullswater foxhounds hunt the district more or less every week from October right into the third or fourth week of the month of May. Young lambs are very often worried by foxes throughout this month, and in those long summer days Joe and his hounds can be seen busy at work exterminating the vermin as early as 4 a.m.

I must not omit to mention James Watson, who was a noted whip in his day, with a fine musical voice, and who went to his rest in the summer of 1902. Henry Watson was also whip for these hounds, and hunted regularly for the space of fourteen years.

The following is the story of a dog in the year 1779 :—" A farmer of the Duke of Norfolk's in Patterdale went out one Saturday afternoon a-shepherding. His dog followed him, and unkenneled a fox. This was about 2 p.m., and the farmer being busy did not join in the sport. The dog did not return home that evening, nor was he heard of until next day when, as the people were coming out of Patterdale Church, the dog was just passing it with the fox about forty yards in front of him. The fox got half a mile further, when he ran into a garden, and laid himself down under a gooseberry tree. The dog was so fatigued that he lay down beside him without venturing to snatch him, but the owner of the garden with a pitchfork killed poor reynard. The farmer afterwards heard that the dog and the fox had been at Rydal, on the Saturday evening at Wythburn, and Legberthwaite on the Sunday morning. The run must have lasted twenty hours, which, at ten miles an hour, would be two hundred miles. But they must have covered many more miles, for when seen at different places the dog was never far

behind. When they passed St. Patrick's Church it is said that the whole congregation—the parson, men, women, and children—joined in the sport. When the dog grew old he never ran with the other hounds after a fox was unkenneled, but took a road of his own, was generally in at the death, and had often killed the fox before the other dogs came up. The owner of the dog was one Anthony Thompson."

Years ago the wild cat was regularly hunted in these parts, and the churchwardens of the district paid so many groats for each one captured. Formerly the wild cat was widely distributed in Britain. At the present day it is restricted only to the northern districts of our islands, and is therefore becoming year by year more rare. The habitation of the wild cat is amongst the rocks or hollow trees. When the wild cat disappeared from the south of England appears to be quite unknown, but there is evidence that it lingered till a comparatively late date in the wooded parts of the Lake District, although it does not seem ever to have been numerous during the historical period. According to the late Rev. H. A. Macpherson, there is historical evidence of the existence of this animal in this district in the year 1629, and again as late as 1754. At a still later date, Gilpin, when describing a tour made through the district in 1722, says that the mountains around

Helvellyn, "and, indeed, many other parts of the country, are frequented by the wild cat, which Mr. Pennant called the British tiger, and says it is the fiercest and most destructive beast we have." By 1795 wild cats seem to have become very scarce in the mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland, and the last authentic occurrence of one of these animals in the district appears to have been in 1843, when a fine specimen seems to have been killed near Loweswater. It is true that the occurrence of the wild cat has been recorded in these districts in quite recent years, but all such records appear to have been based on large feral specimens of the domestic cat. (Lydekker.)

The marten still lingers in the district and the species is fairly common, and is hunted during the winter with a few couples of beagles or foxhounds, accompanied by several terriers. When hunted, Mr. F. Nicholson tells us, that "they usually make at once for the rocks and crevices, going at a great speed at first, but are soon run into unless they succeed in reaching some hole in a crag where hounds and huntsmen cannot follow. They fight desperately with both claws and feet." The marten may be regarded as a prolific animal, so that it is only as the result of continual persecution that it is so rapidly becoming exterminated. (Lydekker.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Some old Worthies, &c.

LANCELOT PATTINSON,

COMMONLY called "Lanty Patty" or "Lantie Pattie." He came from the old Pattinson stock, which is one of the oldest names to be found in the Register. This Lancelot, after his wife died, lived in a cave near Goldrill Bridge, which was named "Lanty's Castle," and the hill close by is known to this day as "Lanty Hill." He brought up some of his family in this cave, and when any visitor called to see him all was in darkness and full of smoke. He lived to the good old age of 96 years, and in possession of all his faculties. He was buried on August 8th, 1865.

His son John also attained a great age—viz., 89 years, and he was buried on June 12th, 1896. This John had a son named John, who was buried on January 14th, 1902, aged 75 years.

MICHAEL MATTINSON.

He was the carrier in the old days of the sixties. He lived at Side Cottage, then in the house opposite the White Lion Inn. For a while his business was carried on with a donkey and a small "potter's" cart. As matters flourished, he bought a horse and drove a tandem—the horse in the shafts, with the donkey as a leader. There are many tales told about this "moke" refusing to budge past a public-house until he had his usual refresher.

JOHN WALTON.

He was a "real character" in his way. He lived with his father, who was a yeoman, at Bridgend. John, when he reached manhood, had the building craze, and if his father had not put a stop to such a step he would have been a poor man. However, when his father died, John wasted his living in extravagant ideas. He found his way to London with one Machell, and saw the Exhibition of 1851. They spent all they had, but walked back again to the dale, obtaining various jobs on the way. His jobs were many, and among them were the following—tinkler, tooth-puller, waller, joiner, gardener, &c. What he prided in most was being the "dirtiest" man in Patterdale—not a very envious position. He was at one time master of the old Hartsop foxhounds. He left

instructions in his will that he was to be laid in his coffin dirty as he was, and to be "trailed" to his last rest. He died on February 26th, 1892, aged 87 years.

ANN WALTON.

She was John Walton's sister. To her is to be attributed the same kind of pride as her brother. John and Ann were very quarrelsome with each other. She was fond of cats, being the possessor of many, and these feline animals fed at her table. She never saw a locomotive in her life, having never been out of the dale ; but one day a traction engine was passing by, and she took such a fright that she ran into the house and was ill for six weeks, for she thought it was the "auld deevil."

Wen ower Jân dees, t' band weel play, an' weel dans
alway t' kirk, thee auld cat, thee auld teeger.

She was buried on March 24th, 1897, aged 73 years.

JOHN GELDERD.

He was the landlord of Gelderd's Family Hotel. In his day the hotel was one of the best conducted in the Lake District. He was fond of all kinds of sport, for it is said he kept (successively) packs of harriers, foxhounds, and greyhounds. His huntsman was in "green," and not in "pink." He was James Backhouse of Hartsop. He succeeded

John Walton as master of the hounds, and during his mastership had them kennelled near the hotel. He then went in for the breeding of prize pigs and shorthorn cattle, and at the sale, when he retired from business, buyers came from all parts. He left Patterdale, and died in Cumberland a few years ago.*

ROBERT NICHOLSON.

He was born on March 15th, 1823, at Hawkshead. In his younger days he seems to have had a great deal of the roaming spirit about him. He joined the 44th Foot about the year 1843, and remained in the army for $6\frac{1}{2}$ years. He volunteered for service abroad five times, but was not accepted. He then told his colonel (Colonel Shelton) that he was going to give it up as "a bad job," and the reply he had was—"Robert, I will not part with you, as you have not appeared in the defaulter's book." However, he left the army, and soon after the regiment was ordered to the Crimea. He told me how sorry he was he left. He was stationed at times in Portsmouth, Chatham, Athlone, &c. He then wandered about seeking for work, and came to Patterdale about the year 1850. He was

* Gelderd used to call the hotel "Mine Inn," and visitors could depend upon enjoying all the accustomed ease and comfort as long as he was landlord. He kept a splendid guide for Helvellyn in the person of John Walker, the blacksmith.

sexton from 1863 to 1880. He worked at the mines, and met with two accidents. He will tell you that he has been twice married, and seen both "put nicely by."

In September, 1901, he went to Carlisle and to Glasgow, and he is fond of giving you an interesting account of his last trip.

CHAPTER XV.

Notable Visitors.

PATTERDALE has been visited by members of the royal family, dukes and duchesses, marquesses and marchionesses, earls and countesses, lords and ladies, viscount and viscountesses, barons and baronesses, archbishops, bishops, sirs and ladies, &c, &c. The following are among only a few who have been here, with the dates of some of the visits :—

1629.—The Right Rev. Dr. Barnaby Potter, Bishop of Carlisle.

1730.—Mr. John Brougham (an ancestor of the present Lord Brougham and Vaux).

1760.—In June of this year Edmund Burke stayed in the dale. He was one day driving, and alighting at a cottage not far from the lake, found an old woman baking oat bread. He immediately joined her in her employment, baked his cake, and ate it afterwards. Edmund Burke was born in Dublin in 1730, and died in 1797. He was an eloquent orator, an able statesman, and profound philosopher.

1828.—The Duke of Wellington.

1836.—His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's with the Duchess, accompanied by Lord Frederick Beauclerk and Miss Burdett, attended by a splendid retinue, visited

the dale. The equipage of the whole cortège was beautiful; the servants wore green and silver livery, which belongs to the establishment of his Grace as hereditary Noble Grand Falconer of England. In May, the same year, Prince Charles of Padua, brother to the King of Naples, and, in July following, their Royal Highnesses William and Alexander of Orange also honoured the village with a visit.

1840.—July 17th: The Dowager Queen Adelaide and her sister Ida, the Duchess of Weimar, with a numerous suite, arrived this day, and the day following two foreign potentates were presented to the Dowager Queen.

1844.—July 19th: The King of Saxony and suite.
Aug. 18th: (Sunday) Prince William of Prussia.

1850.—The Duke of Cambridge.

The Hon. and Right Rev. Hugh Percy, D.D.

1851.—Aug. 24th: The Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Professor of Divinity, King's College, London.

1856.—Sept. 28th: The Dean of Carlisle (the Very Rev. A. C. Tait, who afterwards became Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury).

1857.—The following is a correct copy of the Registers:—
“His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, accompanied by Col. Cavendish (equerry-in waiting), the Hon. Lord Cadogan (eldest son of Viscount Chelsea), Mr. Wood (son of Sir Charles Wood), F. W. Gibb (private tutor), Dr. Armstrong, and attendants arrived at Gelderd's Family Hotel about 7 p.m. on Saturday, May 16th, 1857, from Keswick. On Sunday, May 17th, the Prince and party attended divine service at St. Patrick's Church, and on Monday they departed for Penrith and Lowther Castle.”

- 1858.—Aug. 21st: The Hon. and Right Rev. Henry Montague, Bishop of Carlisle.
- 1862.—July: The Right Rev. Bishop Baring.
- 1864.—H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.
- 1867.—Sept.: The Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.
- 1869.—July: Rev. Canon Troutbeck.
- 1873.—Aug.: Miss Quiliman and Mr. Richard Penrose Arnold.
- 1875.—Rev. Lovelace Stamer (*now* Bishop of Shrewsbury).
- 1877.—Sir Arthur Bigge.
May 25th: Lord William Beresford.
June: Sir and Lady Herbert Maxwell.
July: Mr. Cecil Rhodes.
- 1880.—Sept. 28th: Colonel Frank Rhodes.
- 1881.—Aug. 3rd: General Winthrop, U.S. Army.
H.I.H. Prince Napoleon.
- 1882.—The Rev. Father Gavozzi, the Italian "Patriot."
- 1883.—An Afghan Prince.
- 1884.—The Duchess of Northumberland.
- 1885.—November: Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.
- 1888.—Henry Irving (*now* Sir).
- 1892.—May: The Hon. and Rev. E. J. Lyttleton.
- 1892.—Mrs. Lynn Linton.
- 1893.—Edna Lyall (Miss Bailey), *see* "To right the wrong."
- 1893.—September: General Craugh, U.S. Army.
- 1893.—September: The Duke of Cambridge.
- 1895.—Whitsuntide: The Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons (W. C. Gully).
- 1895.—August: H.I.H. The German Emperor (William II.)
- 1897.—June: The Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London.
- 1900.—H.R.H. The Princess Victoria of Wales.
- 1900.—June: H.R.H. The Princess May (Duchess of York).
- 1900.—September: H.R.H. The Princess Victoria.

Other visitors who did not write in the hotel and other books are :—William Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, Hartley Coleridge, Robert Southey, Bishop Watson, Thomas de Quincey, Dr. Arnold, Harriet Martineau, George Moore, Lord Ellenboro (Lord Chief Justice), and Dr. Jameson (of the now famous raid).

Lord Tennyson was Mr. W. Marshall's guest at Patterdale Hall in the '70's.

His Grace the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan) stayed some week's at Lynlph's Tower in the year 1893, and was a constant visitor into the dale during his temporary sojourn.

Sir Henry Irving, when he stayed at the Patterdale Hotel, took a great interest in the natives of the dale, and was very much amused at the "yarns" of one old woman.

His Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple) stayed in the neighbourhood several weeks.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Poets and Visitors' Books.

THE POETS.

IT is a fact that William Wordsworth would have made his home in Patterdale had not a great flood frightened him. He and his sister Dorothy lived a short time at Broad How. It had been his intention to build a little mansion on some rocks close by, and one morning after a heavy night's rain, seeing the rocks were little islands, he there and then betook himself away, and sought for Grasmere. He afterwards paid numerous visits. William Wordsworth was born on April 7th, 1770, and died on April 23rd, 1850, in the eightieth year of his age. His remains were laid near those of his children in Grasmere Churchyard. "His own prophecy," says his nephew, in the "Lines to the Daisy"—

Sweet flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more.

is now fulfilled. "He reposes, according to his own



HELLVETLYN, STRIDING EDGE, AND RED TARN.

Photo. by J. Lowe.

TO FACE P. 106.



wish, beneath the green turf among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream amid the mountains which he loved ; and a solemn voice seems to breathe from his grave, which blends its tones in sweet and holy harmony with the accents of his poetry, speaking the language of humility and love, of adoration and faith, and preparing the soul, by a religious exercise of the kindly affections and by a devout contemplation of natural beauty, for a translation to a purer and nobler and more glorious state of existence, and for a fruition of heavenly felicity."

Wordsworth loved the Lake District so well that he always invited his friends to see the beautiful dales and fells. It was he who first introduced Coleridge and Southey to the neighbourhood. They were so charmed with what they saw that Southey made his home at Keswick, and Coleridge often came. Wordsworth was lofty, with a dignity of pure and noble thought ; Coleridge was brilliant, gorgeous, and fiery ; and Southey, manly and sound as a poet.

The visitors who visit this beautiful valley and walk along the shores of the lake will at once be reminded that Dorothy Wordsworth, in her "Journal," dated April 15th, 1802, gives an account of the "jocund company of lent lillies," which inspired her brother's poem—

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

I.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

II.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay ;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

III.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed--and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

IV.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

VISITORS' BOOKS.

The reading in the visitors' books is often very entertaining, albeit there is a large amount of doggerel written therein. With a practised eye, however, the racy bits may soon be "spotted," while the worthless may be passed over with a smile of pity. People sometimes hurry through this beautiful dale, and write in the books about the presiding goddess of the region, according to the mood in which they found her. The proper thing, did time allow, is to spend a few weeks, and note the wonderful effects of light and shade playing on the rugged sides of Place Fell, Hartsop Dod, &c. Not the least wonderful phenomenon is the roar of the wind in stormy weather, striking on the inequalities of the rock surface, especially in the Grisedale Valley. Sometimes in this valley, even in apparently calm weather, when the wind current is in the direction of the rocks, it produces a moaning sound, which is very weird as night comes on.

The hotel and lodging-house keepers have been very kind in allowing me to examine their visitors' books, and from some of them I have taken the following extracts :—

Beneath Helvellyn's hoary height
These humble lines I now indite,
But how shall I make up the tale
Of all thy beauties, Patterdale.

The shadows of thy mountains fair,
The ripple on thy lovely lake,
The fragrance of thy balmy air
Are memories, which I with me take.

O'er Dollywaggon's grassy Pike
From lovely Grasmere's shore,
We climbed Helvellyn's lofty ridge
(Our baggage gone before).

Alas the rain began to fall
We still Excelsior cried,
And boldly faced the unknown crest
No matter what betide.

Oh Striding edge, oh Swirrel too,
Oh sight we longed to see,
Alas we scarce could see a yard
Nor guessed where we might be.

We scrambled down a deep avâte
Muddy and bruised and wet,
Affliction sore long time we bore
(And bear the scratches yet).

Heads hanging low, sorry and sad
We entered at Glenridding,
And years may come, and years may go
And teardrops flow at bidding.

But if you come from far and near
From London or Chicago,
To dear Ullswater you address
Your person and your cargo.

On Friday the fifth a bright sunny day
To Glenridding we came light-hearted and gay ;
From office and shop, from household and care
We had fled for a while for a breath of fresh air.
We cycled, we boated, we walked, and we climbed
To strengthen the body and freshen the mind ;
And well we succeeded both indoors and out
For indoors we feasted, and outdoors did shout.

We came here in September ; as green as they make 'em
Of milking and churning, we knew naught at all ;
But now thanks to Bob, Tom, Fanny and Jennny
Ther's scarcely a pup, sheep, or cow we can't maul.
Yes, we brought home the sheep, and we milked the coos,
We helped to make butter, we tarr'd the old ewes ;
And if ever we're down on our luck in the city
This one place we'll make for but—O what a pity,
We'll all have to leave it so soon.

But the holidays over, and short though it's been,
Long, long, we'll remember the time ;
We so happily spent down by Patterdale's Lake
'Midst surroundings which called for this rhyme.
Many hours have we spent 'mongst the fells and the lakes,
Many more we have pass'd sampling good home-baked cakes.
The mutton was prime, the milk and the cream,—
We ne'er wished for better, not e'en in a dream.
The beds were most cosy, and taken all round
A kindlier hostess we never have found.

The season is over—farewell to the lake,
And rambles and scrambles up glen, fell, and brake ;
Farewell to the boating, the bathing, and diving,
The sketching, the pic-nics, the riding, the driving ;
Broken up is the weather, the steamer broke down,
The green on the hillsides is turned all to brown ;
The summer is gone, and the swallows soon start,
We too must be going tho' loathe to depart ;
The weather may mend for a time, it is true,
The sky wear again a soft mantle of blue ;
The artist may still hope for transient gleams,
Of light on the mountains, the rocks, and the streams ;
The Rowan may soon wear a bright golden sheen,
Where the red of its berries now light up its green ;
New colours may come on the steep mountain side,
The woods gain more splendour 'ere stript of their pride ;
The lake may rise higher, the becks louder call,
And plunge with more fury o'er each waterfall ;
Aira Force grows more lovely with each passing day,
And every fair scene may engage us to stay ;
But life is a " book " that we turn page by page,
One after another from childhood to age ;
We must now turn our leaf—but till memory fail,
We'll think of Ullswater, and sweet Patterdale.

Oh ! don't talk to me of the Lakes
Unless you have followed my bidding,
For I don't care a jot
For the whole jolly lot,
Except the one seen from Glenridding.

Don't tell me of "Irish" or "Scotch,"
Some votaries they have their powers o'er,
 (Since for whiskey they're famed)
 But they must not be named
With the water that Stybarrow towers o'er.

Oh ! don't talk to me of the view
You can get at the Falls of Niagara
 It is lordly of course,
 But our own Aira Force
Will defy the American swaggerer.

A picturesque village is Patterdale,
A go-as-you-please, it don't matter-a-dale ;
 The curative hills
 Far excel all the pills,
For the sick are made well and the shattered hale.

O ! Patterdale ! we bless the day
 That led our wandering feet,
To patter down thy dale and stay
 (Rare treat) at this retreat.

We've gazed on many a fairy scene,
 In Scotland and in Wales ;
But beauty never rarer saw,
 Than this of Patterdale's.

CHAPTER XVII.

Helvellyn.

ONE of the chief items on the visitor's programme must be a visit to the summit of Helvellyn. Sometimes in June masses of snow are to be seen clinging to the highest peaks, and glittering like silver in the sun's rays. There was a deep drift of snow upon it on July 18th, 1812; and, a few years ago, a gentleman actually left the dale to dine upon its summit in a snowdrift on Midsummer Day.

This mountain is more widely known than any other in the Lake District. It is easy of access from Patterdale on the one side, and Wythburn on the other. I mention Helvellyn chiefly in connection with the fate of a young man, who perished in the spring of 1805, when attempting to cross over from Wythburn to Patterdale. Wordsworth says:—"His remains were discovered by means of a faithful dog that had lingered here for the space of three months, self-supported, and probably retaining to the last an attachment to the skeleton of its master." His remains now peacefully lie in the burying place in connection with

the Friends' Meeting House at Tirril. It will be of interest to know that Gough—for such was the man's name—was found by William Harrison, father of the venerable George Harrison, of Hartsop. He was attracted to the spot by seeing the dog, a hat, and some clothes. He must have fallen from Red Cove Head rock—his penknife, with his name engraven upon it, having been found there. Two guineas and a half in gold and fifteen shillings in silver were found in his clothes, and given to the Overseer of Patterdale.

There are various stories of how the dog existed for three months. The faithful dog kept both the bird of the air and the fox of the hill from cruel work upon the body of his master. Some say the dog fed on rabbits, or sheep, or stray birds. But one thing is certain, the flesh on the man's legs was completely eaten and nothing left but the bones. Wordsworth and Scott have contributed some verses on the sad event. I give Wordsworth's "Fidelity" in full :—

I.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake or fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

II.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear :
What is the creature doing here ?

III.

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

IV.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Sends through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

V.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Not far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

VI.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

VII.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

VIII.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime :
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

I also give Scott's verses, only on "Helvellyn."

I.

I climb'd the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide ;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right Striden-edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

II.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

III.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start ?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee ; the friend of thy heart ?
And oh ! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

IV.

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall ; [ing,
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleam-
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

V.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek-mountain-lamb.
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Kirkstone Pass.

THESE notes would not be complete without a few words about Kirkstone Pass. At one time there were roads on either side of the stream, which were called "bridle paths." The older of the two was the one on the Red Screes side. About 1840 the present road was somewhat improved upon from its old condition, but nothing very great was done until the advent of the County Council in the year 1889. Since then, with regard to the surface, the road has been all that can be desired, although perhaps "a climb." The roadmen of Patterdale deserve the best thanks of drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians for the excellent way in which they look after their work—the chief of whom is Anthony Benson of Hartsop, and he is ably seconded by his son Herd. He has the oversight of the county road from Glencoin "up t' Pass." The top of the Pass is within 200 yards of the inn, and the stone which gives its name to the



TRAVELLERS' REST, KIRKSTONE TOP.

Photo. by J. Love.

TO FACE P. 129.

Pass is the same number of yards from the "top." This stone looks like a kirk or church half way up, but when quite near it loses its resemblance. Just on the "top" is a stone which divides the Parish of Patterdale from that of Troutbeck.

Being so near the inn, space must be found for a few words with regard to it. On the signboard it is called the "'Travellers' Rest;" the highest inhabited house in England, 1485 feet above the level of the sea." The question of the highest inn in England is often discussed, but nearly always wrongly decided. Ask the Windermere and Ambleside drivers, and they will at once tell you that Kirkstone Inn is the highest. I tried to argue the point with one of them last summer, but to no avail. The distinction of the highest licensed house belongs to Westmorland and Yorkshire conjointly, as the county boundary runs through the centre of a house called "Tan Hill Inn," perched on the summit of a hill forming part of the Pennines. This inn, I am informed, is now tenantless. The next highest inn is the "Cat and Fiddle," on the moor between Buxton and Macclesfield. The next highest is the "Travellers' Rest" at Flash Bar, near Buxton. Then comes the fourth, the "'Travellers' Rest," at the top of Kirkstone Pass. The following are their respective heights :—

	FEET.
Tan Hill Inn	1727
Cat and Fiddle	1690
Travellers' Rest (Buxton) ...	1535
Travellers' Rest (Kirkstone) ...	1485

If the "Travellers' Rest" at Kirkstone Pass is not the highest, one thing it can boast—and that is a "visitors' book," noted for contributions in prose and verse in many languages. It is a pity the "visitors' books" of the various tenants of this inn are not gathered together, and preserved in one place. The present tenant, Mr. Anthony Chapman, has already three books in his possession, and in one of them there is an entry of peculiar interest, the page of which is still to be seen. On September 7th, 1898, two friends had climbed up from Windermere with a brakeless tandem bicycle, and afterwards tried to ride it down the Pass on the Patterdale side. The one who escaped with his life wrote:—"Machine gear, 85; build, 'Mohawk;' would presume to advise brother cyclists not to attempt this country without good sound brakes." The other wrote of their climb:—"Temperature about 80° in shade; large part of it walking; better luck further on; never say die." They had ridden more than half-way down the Pass when an accident occurred. One was severely shaken, while the other poor fellow died three days later with a fractured skull. His name

was Harry H. Ross, of Manchester. There is a stone in the wall, with his name inscribed, near to the spot where the accident happened. Other entries in the book are :—

He surely is an arrant ass,
Who pays to ride up Kirkstone Pass ;
For he will find, in spite of talking,
He'll have to walk, and pay for walking.

The Sunday traveller on the Kirkstone Pass,
Is bonâ fide and may have his glass ;
So, gentle stranger, do not stop to think,
Open your mouth, throw back your head, and drink.

Back we come from Ull-es-water,
And here lay in a stock of porter ;
Refreshed we wend our homeward way,
To reach our “ digs ” ere close of day.

There were three young men from Leeds
Who committed a lot of misdeeds ;
But they paid for them dear,
By climbing up here,
Pushing their “ iron steeds.”

Forbes McKenzie ! compensation !
What altho' it be belated,
When by special dispensation
Each caller's elevated.

Why interrupt the glorious law of natural selection,
By placing blood-red danger boards to point in each direction ;
Thro' riding down no foolish crown can lose what it already
lacked,
No thick skull will be fractured that is not already cracked.

The ubiquitous Cockney
All agog for fame,
Comes all the way to Kirkstone
To scribble down his name.

Glorious was the journey,
Refreshing was the tea,
When we had seen ten waters
And come across Red Scree.

In the winter of 1894-5 not a single customer entered this house for the space of nearly eight weeks. To many licensed victuallers this would mean utter ruin. The nearest neighbours to this houses are farmhouses over a mile away, though in summer and autumn the district is alive with tourists and pedestrians. Over this road the Earl of Lonsdale drove the Emperor of Germany (William II.) on the occasion of the latter's visit to Lowther in August, 1895.

CHAPTER XIX.

Botany.

COMPILED BY MR. R. NIXON.

THE botanist may find the following useful, all of which may be found in the Patterdale district.

[THE NUMBERS DENOTE THE NUMBER OF SPECIES.]

Thalictrum (2)	Brassica
Anemone	Bursa
Ranunculus (9)	Lepidium
Caltha	Teesdalia
Trollius	Viola (5)
Aquilegia	Polygala
Nymphæa	Silene
Castalia	Lychnis (4)
Papaver	Cerastium (3)
Neckeria	Stellaria (5)
Fumaria	Arenaria
Nasturtium	Sagina
Barbarea	Spergula
Arabis	Montia
Cardamine (5)	Hypericum (4)
Erophila	Malva (2)
Cochlearia	Linum
Sisymbrium (3)	Geranium (6)

Oxalis	Hydrocotyle
Ilex	Sanicula
Euonymus	Conium
Genista	Ægopodium
Ulex	Conopodium
Cytisus	Myrrhis
Ononis	Chærophyllum
Trifolium (5)	Anthriscus
Lotus (2)	Œnanthe
Vicia (3)	Heracleum
Lathyrus (2)	Caucalis
Prunus (2)	Hedera
Spiræa	Adoxa
Rubus (many)	Sanibucus
Dryas	Angelica
Geum (3)	Lonicera
Fragaria	Galium (7)
Potentilla (6)	Asperula
Alchemilla (2)	Sherardia
Agrimonia	Valeriana
Poterium	Scabiosa
Rosa (many)	Solidago
Pyrus (2)	Bellis
Cratægus	Filago
Saxifraga (5)	Gnaphalium
Chrysosplenium (2)	Achillea (2)
Parnassia	Chrysanthemum
Sedum (5)	Matricaria
Drosera	Artemisia
Myriophyllum (2)	Tussilago
Callitriche (2)	Petasites
Lythrum	Senecio (4)
Epilobium (5)	Carlina
Nitella	Arctium
Circæa (2)	Cnicus (4)

Saussurea	Melampyrum
Serratula	Lathræa
Centaurea	Pinguicula
Lapsana	Mentha (3)
Crepis (2)	Thymus
Hieracium (many)	Nepeta
Hypochæris	Scutellaria
Leontodon (3)	Prunella
Taraxacum	Stachys (3)
Lactuca	Galeopsis (2)
Sonchus (3)	Lamium (4)
Lobelia	Teucrium
Jasione	Ajuga
Campanula (2)	Plantago (3)
Vaccinium (2)	Littorella
Calluna	Scleranthus
Erica (2)	Chenopodium (2)
Primula (3)	Polygonum (6)
Lysimachia (2)	Oxyria
Anagallis	Rumex (6)
Fraxinus	Euphorbia (2)
Gentiana	Mercurialis
Menyanthes	Ulmus
Myosotis (6)	Humulus
Volvulus	Urtica
Solanum	Myrica
Verbascum	Betula
Linaria (2)	Alnus
Scrophularia	Carpinus
Digitalis	Corylus
Veronica (10)	Quercus
Euphrasia	Fagus
Bartsia	Salix
Pedicularis (2)	Populus
Rhinanthus	Empetrum

Juniperus (2)	Koeleria
Taxus	Molinia
Orchis	Melica (2)
Habenaria (2)	Dactylis
Iris (2)	Briza
Narcissus	Poa (7)
Polygonatum	Glyceria (2)
Allium (3)	Festuca (4)
Scilla	Bromus (3)
Narthecium	Brachypodium
Juncus (7)	Lolium
Luzula (3)	Agropyron (2)
Sparganium	Nardus
Arum	Hymenophyllum
Lemna	Pteris
Potamogeton (5)	Cryptogramme
Scirpus (2)	Lomaria
Eriophorum (2)	Asplenium (4)
Carex (21)	Athyrium
Phalaris	Ceterach
Anthoxanthum	Scolopendrium
Alopecurus (2)	Woodsia
Milium	Cystopteris
Phleum	Polystichum (3)
Agrostis (2)	Lastræa (4)
Aira (2)	Polypodium
Deschampsia (2)	Phegopteris (2)
Holcus (2)	Botrychium
Trisetum	Equisetum (2)
Avena	Lycopodium (3)
Arrhenatherum	Selaginella
Phragmites	Isoetes
Cynosurus	Nitella



GENERAL VIEW OF PATTERDALE.

TO FACE P. 129.

Photo. by J. Lowe.

CHAPTER XX.

The Progress of Patterdale.

TO go fully into everything pertaining to the progress or advance of Patterdale, I would be compelled to devote more space for all the details in this volume. Instead of so doing, I will briefly recount facts.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The present member for the district of Patterdale on the Westmorland County Council is W. H. Parkin, Esq.

DISTRICT COUNCIL.

The first District Councillor was elected on December 4th, 1894, in the person of W. H. Marshall, Esq. Before the Act of 1894 came into force the parish was represented in the West Ward Union by Mr. Thomas Bownass, and he retained that office (as guardian) until 1895, when the inhabitants received the privilege of having

the services of two District Councillors. Mr. Bownass was nominated for the second seat, and Mr. Bradshaw Smith opposed him. The poll took place on October 21st, 1895, with the following result :—

Mr. Thomas Bownass	66
Mr. Bradshaw Smith	65
			—
Majority	...		1

Messrs. W. H. Marshall and T. Bownass have represented the parish since 1895 in the Rural District Council of West Ward.

PARISH COUNCIL.

The first Parish Meeting was held in the School at 7 p.m., on Tuesday, December 4th, 1894, when the chair was taken by the Rev. B. G. R. Hale. There was a large attendance of ratepayers. Fourteen nominations for the Parish Council were handed in. A show of hands took place, the result being as follows :—

				Votes.
John Kilner	64
John Lake	63
Joseph Watson	63
William Hicks	62
William Robertson Mitchell			...	62
James Watson	59
William Henry Borlase	53
Thomas Bownass	38

	Votes.
Thomas Taylor	33
John Richard Routh Allen ...	27
Robinson Mawson Pattinson ...	26
Thomas Nicholson	25
Edmund Thompson	24
William Harker	22

The first seven were declared elected by the Chairman, but a poll was demanded, which took place on December 17th, 1894. On this date, out of 170 voters, it is satisfactory to know that 150 attended to elect the first Parish Council. A large crowd was present, and it was nearly 11 p.m. before the result was declared, as the voting was very slow. The following was the result :—

ELECTED.

	Votes.
Thomas Bownass	91
William Henry Borlase	82
Thomas Taylor	75
James Watson	74
William Hicks	73
John Kilner	71
John Richard Routh Allen ...	70

NOT ELECTED.

Joseph Watson	68
John Lake	66
William Robertson Mitchell ...	64
Edmund Thompson	64
Thomas Nicholson	63
William Harker	59
Robinson Mawson Pattinson ...	46

The first meeting of the Council was held on January 5th, 1895, when Mr. W. H. Borlase was elected chairman and Mr. J. B. Philipson clerk to the Council. The Parish Councillors of the present day are Messrs. W. H. Borlase, James Watson, J. R. R. Allen, Joseph Watson, J. Wilkinson, J. Leck, and W. Milcrest.

EDUCATION.

Though being a great distance from town and railway, the Technical Education Committee has favoured the people of Patterdale with classes for their improvement — viz., wood-carving, dress-making, veterinary science, ambulance, evening continuation school, &c.

With all these advantages, the youths and maidens should avail themselves of the many opportunities for better prospects in the future. It ought to be known that the natives of Westmorland have great privileges in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

POST OFFICE.

Years ago the postal work was carried on at the "King's Arms Hotel," and were left there until called for. The office was then removed to the house opposite the "White Lion," and the telegraph wire laid on from Ambleside. The postmaster (Mr. Alcock), after holding his position for some

time, resigned and left the dale. The Post Office was transferred shortly afterwards to its present abode. A few years ago a second office was opened at Glenridding.

At the Patterdale and Glenridding offices the business transacted includes the postal, telegraphic (now the telephone), and the savings bank departments. In the winter letters arrive before 9 a.m., and are despatched about 3 p.m. In the summer months there are additional facilities. The postman who brings the letters into the dale departs from Penrith at 6-15 a.m. On his journey he deposits letter bags for the Post Offices at Eamont, Yanwath, Tirril, Pooley (also for Howtown and Martindale), Watermillock, Matterdale, Glenridding, and Patterdale. On his way home he collects again at all the above offices, and arrives at Penrith about 6 p.m.

It is worthy of note that John Priestman, the postman, has been on this route for the last thirty-three years, having commenced on St. Valentine's Day (February 14th), in the year 1870. During this long period the mails have arrived through sunshine and winter storms with unfailing regularity. For the last two or three years his son Anthony has taken his place, though occasionally we still see John occupying his old seat in the mail cart. Through all these years he has travelled over 10,000 miles.

MODES OF COMMUNICATION.

Carriers go to and from Penrith three times a week throughout the year, and you can travel either with "chatty Dick" or "cheerful John." In the summer coaches are run to Troutbeck (for Keswick, &c.), Windermere, and Ambleside. The "Raven" or "The Lady of the Lake" ply four times daily up and down the lake throughout the season.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The power of electricity is used for lighting up the Church, Hall, Ullswater Hotel, and the Mines. Oil is chiefly used in all the other houses.

READING ROOMS.

Although situated a great distance from any town or railway station, we are up-to-date in many respects—for instance, "the news of the world" through the "dailies" is known in Patterdale before 9 a.m., only about an hour later than the city man receives his newspaper. We have two reading rooms—one at Glenridding, and the other at Patterdale. Both rooms are well furnished with daily and weekly newspapers and the monthly magazines. The former room is also well fitted up with a billiard table, while the latter has a bagatelle table and other games. The fee for membership in each case is very small, and visitors have the same privileges as the ordinary members during their sojourn in the dale.

THE PARISH ROOMS.

The St. Patrick Parish Rooms were opened on May 19th, 1899. They were built by the efforts of the Rev. B. G. R. and Mrs. Hale at a cost of £600. There were many subscribers from within and out of the parish.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

At St. Patrick's Parish Church :—

Matins	10-30 a.m.
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Evensong	6-30 p.m.
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Celebration of the Holy Communion on the first Sunday of every month after Matins ; at 8 a.m. weekly through the summer ; and occasionally at 8 a.m. in the winter.

Morning and evening services are held during the summer in the Wesleyan Chapel, but in the winter the services take place in the afternoon and evening.

THE BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

Friendly Societies have benefitted society to a large extent, both financially and morally. Until the year 1850 Friendly Societies were not recognised by law, and in consequence the trustees, secretaries, &c., very often appropriated the funds to their own uses. This was changed in 1850 by an Act of Parliament, so that now all rules and laws are registered by the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

We have in Patterdale two well-organised Societies—the Independent Order of Oddfellows (Manchester Unity) and the Free Independent Order of Mechanics. The Oddfellows held their first meeting in the coach-house of the “King’s Arms” in the ’30’s of the nineteenth century. Their next quarters were at the “White Lion,” and three years ago they removed to the Parish Room. The act of institution took place on June 15th, 1839, when it was decided to call the lodge the “Loyal Helvellyn,” with Mr George Little as the first secretary, who held the post until December 14th of the same year. Mr. Thomas Machell succeeded him, and his term of office ended on February 8th, 1840. From this date the secretarial work was carried on by the various members in turns, one of whom was Mr. Thomas Allinson. On December 1st, 1842, Mr. Aaron Nelson took the reins of office, and held them until the year 1856, when Mr. Joseph Watson of Glenridding released him of them. In December, 1860, Mr. Watson resigned, and Mr. Nelson went back to his old post, and looked faithfully after the duties of secretary and treasurer to within a short period of his death. Mr. Matthew Pattinson was appointed to the two offices on January 12th, 1884. When the lodge was in its infancy the membership roll only numbered about 12, but at the present day it has on its books the names of 108 members, with a capital sum of nearly £2,000.

Messrs. John and Mark Millican were really the founders of the Mechanics at Patterdale, and at the date of institution it was decided to call the lodge the "Ullswater Lodge," which took place on January 13th, 1869, at Glenridding Schoolroom, which is still the place of meeting. The first officers were Messrs. James Watson, I.G. ; Robert Brooks, treasurer ; and William Rae, secretary. The present officers are Messrs. William Sewell, I.G. ; John Lake, treasurer ; and William Hicks, secretary. There are 164 members, with about £960 capital.

With regard to the secretaries of these two Societies — Mr. Pattinson and Mr. Hicks — the Societies have two men who do all they can to promote the best interests of their respective lodges.

CLOTHING CLUB.

There is a well-organised Clothing Club in the dale with an average number of 50 members. The duties of secretary and treasurer are carried out by Mrs. Morris.

CHAPTER XXI.

Miscellanea.

NAMES OF THE DALESPEOPLE.

THERE is nothing remarkable among the surnames; the usual Lakeland names occur in abundance in the old Registers. The old name of Mattinson is to be found over and over again, but at the present day there is not one in the parish. There are a few Harrisons, and several Pattinsons. It is said that the Pattinsons "all the world over" came originally from Patterdale, and are very often known locally as "Patty" and "Patties." The Thompsons came "fra over t' top." The Mounseys were at one time very numerous, and though there is not one now living in the dale, some of the land is still held by a Mounsey—viz., Mr. John Mounsey, Eamont Lodge, Penrith. Grisdale is a very old surname, and Grisdales have lived in Hartsop for many generations. The Winders have been here for the last 150 years.

The most common among the Christian names in the old days was Lancelot, but very rare these days, for there is only one in the dale.

NAMES OF HOUSES, FIELDS, AND HAMLETS.

Newchurch hamlet	Cordallbeck (Caudlebeck)
Plesfell (Placefell)	Township
Dobhow	Norenbank
Blowick (Bleawick)	Wallend
Glencoin (Glencoigne)	Broadhow
Glenridding	Dearhow
Bearhow	Sikeside (Sykeside)
Beckstones	Mowbank
Wettsyde	Daws
Parkside	Crowstones
Thornhow	Cowperthwaites
Grasethow (Grassthwaitehow)	Collier Close
Nelhouse (Patterdale Hotel)	Gaithow
King's Arms ,,	Boveyeate
Queen's Arms ,,	Close
Deepdale	Row End
Hartsoppe	Rampscragg
Almhow (Elmhow)	The Eagle
Grisdale	Caneerhouse
Greenbank	Bridgend
Scales	Gillside
Gateford	Crookebeck
The Greate Oake	Scarfoot
Guards	Walkerhow
Howses	Keldses
Frothpot	Causeway
Mierside	Pie Thorns

FAIRS.

Patterdale was at one time noted for its great fair, especially of sheep. It was held annually in or about the "Butts," and buyers came from far and near. But as the modern auction marts grew, the fair gradually dwindled away until about fifteen years ago, when the last one was held. The fair was, as a rule, divided into two parts—the old and the new.

The old comprised the buying and selling of sheep, cattle, pigs, &c. ; while the new was given up to sports and merrymaking. Stalls lined both sides of the road from the "Butts" as far as the township. It used to be held on September 23rd of each year.

BRIDGES.

On Wednesday, November 2nd, 1898, there was a very great rainfall, consequently tremendous floods, and great damage was done in many parts of the Lake District. Several bridges were washed away, among them being Grisdale Bridge, which had only been built about fifteen years. Its predecessor had withstood the strain of winter storm and summer traffic for nearly a century. An entirely new bridge was built in the summer of 1899, and it is to be hoped that it may be in use for many years to come.

It may be imagined how great the rainfall was when on that single day in 1898 the lake rose to nearly seven feet. There was great loss of cattle, and many sheep were swept off the fells and drowned. Huge boulders were washed down the Kirkstone road, which impeded the traffic for a few weeks.

There is a bridge near Beckstones and another near Wall End, both of which are said to have been built by the Romans.

LOYALTY.

The people of Patterdale are noted for their loyalty, and this was carried so far that on the occasion of the Jubilee (1887) one child was christened "Jubilee." There were great rejoicings at the two Jubilees (1887 and 1897). In 1893, when H.R.H. the Duke of York was married to H.R.H. the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck (Princess May), the people lacked none of the fervour. In February, 1901, when Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria was buried, all business was suspended, and the memorial service in the Parish Church was well attended by members of more than one denomination.

The last proof of their loyalty occurred in June, 1902, when His Majesty King Edward VII. ought to have been crowned, but which was postponed until August 9th, 1902. On this latter date great

festivities were held, which included a public tea, sports, dancing, fireworks, &c. One old resident informed me that as a boy he lived near Kendal, and could well remember the coronation of King William IV. We have one living in the dale who has lived during the reigns of four Kings and one Queen of England.

The 1897 Jubilee has left its trace behind in the parish in seats being placed here and there for parishioners and visitors. There were bonfires on the summit of Helvellyn on nearly all these occasions.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

There are well-organised Cricket and Football Clubs, with a neat little pavilion on the ground. The old "green" of Patterdale once stood near the Patterdale Hotel. Here, on many a summer's evening, the game of quoits took place ; also the manly sport of wrestling.

Thomas Robinson, schoolmaster in the early part of last century, was one of the finest wrestlers in his day ; then came George Chapman (Geordie), who "won t' coop at Carl'." Richard Chapman was another noted wrestler, commonly known as "Dick." It was this Dick that Greenwell, &c., intended to be the victim of their foul deed, and not the young man Grisdale, in the year 1835. It is also said that about the time of the Battle of

Trafalgar the young men of the dale were drilled and taught to shoot with the rifle regularly on the village green. May the time come again when a rifle corps will be organised. James and John Henry Harris, brothers, were splendid fell racers; the latter has been first in the race at Grasmere and Pooley.

Dr. Llewelyn Davies says of the people's outside sports:—"In the enjoyment of fun they may be rude, but are not cruel. Severe bodily exertion marks their pastimes, which constitute a Herculean strife, conducted with faultless honour—the manifestation of strength of body and mind."

The rustic games once produced a remarkable combat, and I give it here as a specimen of the sentiments of our villagers concerning fighting:—"Mr. Andrew Hudlestone, who from his uncommon stature and strength was commonly called 'Great Andrew,' was very much delighted with these exercises (wrestling, &c.). He was at one of the wrestling matches overthrown by one Thomas Harrison of Glencoin, who was equally conspicuous for bulk and strength. Finding himself overmatched at this exercise, he proposed to Harrison to take a bout at boxing. The proposal was immediately accepted, and the combatants were preparing for the onset when a Presbyterian minister interfered, and endeavoured to reconcile them. The country people had great respect for

the 'cloth,' and as such he was patiently heard by both parties. He even succeeded so far as to have them go and drink a tankard of ale with him. During the drinking of the ale he endeavoured by every persuasive power he could use to reconcile them, and thought he had been successful. No sooner was the tankard finished than Hudlestone, after expressing the highest approbation of all the minister had said, without the least anger, either in his voice or countenance, again proposed the battle to Harrison, which was again accepted with as little anger by him. They accordingly fought, and after a terrible engagement victory declared itself for Harrison. The competitors ever after remained true and firm friends. A brother of this Harrison, a blacksmith named Lancelot, was equally remarkable for his great strength and stature. Some idea of his enormous bulk the reader may form from this :—He was buried at Greystoke, and as the sexton was digging a grave some years afterwards he opened Harrison's. He took the jaw-bone to examine it. He found it of that prodigious magnitude that, applying it to his own jaws, he was able to put his hand on each side between the bone and his own face. We may judge then of Harrison's gigantic stature, as the sexton was a stout well-made man, and measured six feet." (Clarke.)

The following are some of the prizes which were given at these country sports :—

For the wrestlers	A leathern belt.
For the leapers	A pair of gloves.
For the foot racers	...	A handkerchief.
For the dog coursers	...	A pewter quart pot.
For the first horse	...	A bridle.
For the second horse	...	A pair of spurs.

The fortunate gainer of the belt was regarded with the highest honours. He wore it that evening, and took the greatest care of it till the next Sunday, when he went to his own church begirt with it. The Sunday following he went to some other adjacent church in the same manner, and claimed a precedence among his companions, which was always granted. Nor was this rougher compliment his only gratification, for it often brought to him a woman's love.

DANCING.

One of the most favourite of amusements of the young dalespeople is dancing. The floor is polished, made up-to-date and slippery with bits or scrapings of wax candles, and if the room gets very dusty by midnight the M.C. or deputy produces a jug of water and profusely sprinkles the floor. The dancers go through the old-fashioned trippings of the light fantastic toe with great enthusiasm.

If the atmosphere of the room gets very close, the young men at once take off their coats and "go" with gusto. To strangers it is a wonderful sight to see them swing round in the six reel, long eight, square eight, valse, varsovienna, schottische, polka, &c.

PLAYING CARDS.

The pleasant game of "Whist" is greatly indulged in, especially during the winter months. Some of the parents teach their children to manipulate and deal out the cards at an early age. For instance, a number of boys in a party at which I was present were not satisfied with easy boyish or childish games. They asked their host for cards, and several rubbers of "Whist" were played most skilfully, and one of the players had not then seen eight summers.

Hartsop has turned out some famous "Whist" players.

POPULATION.

As the population increased there was need of more houses, the result being that the Mining Company erected several dwelling-houses in Glenridding Valley. Long ago—for many, many years—Hartsop was the most thickly populated hamlet, but now it has dwindled down, and several of the houses have been done away with.

The population of the parish from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the last census stands thus :—

YEAR.		POP.	YEAR.		POP.
1801	...	269	1851	...	686
1811	...	319	1861	...	698
1821	...	282	1871	...	714
1831	...	400	1881	...	723
1841	.	573	1891	...	826
			1901	...	778

STOCKS.

The stocks were placed at the “ Butts,” near to where the old parsonage house stood. They were in use in the “ dayes of ye olde parishe cunstabl,” and at that time the schoolboys were wont to play with them by putting each in turn “ securely ” fast. But one day a boy was really fast bound ; a bull peeped over the hedge, and “ smilingly ” looked at the prisoner. The others ran away, and a great-to-do there was. However, the master came, released him, and gave him a sound, good thrashing ; and, I presume, the boys never again troubled the old stocks.

They were last seen about 1862, when they were removed, and no trace of them can now be found.

MILL.

Years ago there was at Hartsop a flour mill, which was regularly used by the farmers of the neighbourhood. Fields of waving corn were to be seen "in ye olde dayes," and the reader of to-day will be fortunate if he sees an odd field of wheat. Some of the older natives can well remember fine oatmeal being turned out of this once famous mill, and the porridge made from it was excellent.

It is a pity to find all these old-fashioned mills being doomed. The tenants had the right both to the kiln and to the fuel at Low Wood, but I believe they now have lost both these rights.

CHARITIES.

There was a very ancient stock of £116, applicable partly to the school and partly to the poor. Of this stock £96 was laid out in 1766 in the purchase of land; the other £20 was put out at interest.

The Rev. John Mackereth Freeman left by will £50, the interest of which he directed should be distributed by the minister and churchwardens in bread to poor labourers not in receipt of poor relief, to be given on Sundays in church after divine service. When the Local Government Act of 1894 came into force, the Charity Commissioners drafted a new scheme whereby the Parish Council

nominated two trustees to serve with the rector of the parish, and so the churchwardens were superseded.

The Hobson Charity is the sum of £100 left by will by the late Mrs. Hobson of Croft House, the interest of which is to be divided among poor widows who attend the Parish Church. The distribution takes place annually about Christmas time.

PROPERTY.

Real property for the most part consists of customary freeholds of inheritance, or tenant relief—that is to say, held according to the custom of the manor, the tenant having a freehold interest, but not a freehold tenure. Copyhold was made willable or devisable by will by Act 55 Geo. III. c. 192; customaryhold was made willable by Act 1 Vic. c. 26.

By custom within the barony of Kendal, the widow enjoys the whole customary estate during her widowhood. And for the widow's estate is due to the lord an heriot; which, as the widow could not go to war, was a recompense, in order to provide things necessary for the marching of the army; and this heriot was anciently the best beast of the deceased.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1805.

“At the breakfast table tidings reached us of the death of Lord Nelson, and of the victory of Trafalgar. Sequestered as we were from the

sympathy of a crowd, we were shocked to hear that the bells had been ringing joyously at Penrith to celebrate the triumph. In the rebellion of the year 1745, people fled with their valuables from the open country to Patterdale, as a place of refuge secure from the incursions of strangers. At that time, news such as we had heard might have been long in penetrating so far into the recesses of the mountains, but now as you know the approach is easy." (Wordsworth.)

SPELLING OF THE LAKE AND COUNTY.

Ullswater is the new way of spelling the word, while Ulleswater is the old way.

With regard to the county, the fashion now is to spell the name as Westmorland. This spelling is adopted by Nicolson and Burn in their history of the county published in 1777. Sir Daniel Fleming, in his description of the county written in 1671, says :—" Westmoreland is nothing else but a western moorish country." The Saxon Chronicle calls the district—

Westmoringa land=the land of the West-moor-men.

The old and proper way of spelling the name of the county was, in Latin, Westmaria or Westmeria; and in English, Westmerland. Westmorland, however, is now the name of the county, and by which we must abide until authorised to do another way.

AN OLD EASTER CUSTOM.

Old customs cling to rural and mountainous districts, and one of these I must not omit to mention, and that is "jollyboying," or, in a milder form, "pace-egging." The custom is that of going to houses and asking for hard-boiled eggs at Eastertide, and it has been carried on for centuries.

First of all comes a knock at the door, and a voice asks :—"Please, will you have the jolly-boys?" The door is opened, and there we see five or six lads with blackened faces, dressed up in fancy dress, &c., whom we invite into the kitchen. Then the "acting" commences, but few of the lads have even an idea of the wording of the play. The original wording has been so mutilated that it is difficult to arrive at the meanings and metres. The play consists of one scene, and the following characters take part :—

Lord Nelson.

Tospot, the Hunchback.

Old Mally Masket, Tospot's wife.

King George.

The Prince.

Dr. Jackie, a quack.

The acting winds up with a chorus, and as the party leaves the house "Old Mally" is presented with eggs and coppers.

EARTHQUAKES.

Shocks of earthquake were felt in Patterdale on the following days :—March 18, 1871 ; December, 16, 1896 ; and July 9, 1901.

TURBARY.

The dalesfolk once had the privilege of turbary on the fells—that is, a right to dig turf or peat.

SHEEPDOG TRIAL.

A sheepdog trial was instituted in 1901, and is now held annually.

MANORS.

The lords of the various manors are :—The Earl of Lonsdale ; H. C. Howard, Esq. ; W. H. Marshall, Esq. ; and J. E. Hasell, Esq. The manor of Glenridding was purchased by W. Marshall, Esq., in 1825.

DAME SCHOOLS.

There was once a Dame School at Hartsop, known by the name of the “Old Castle,” and the last schoolmistress was the wife of Joseph Shaw ; and George Shaw, who now lives at Glenridding, is their son.

Another Dame School used to be at “Seldom Seen,” and a third, which is still in existence, at Glenridding.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT FOR NORTH WESTMORLAND.

There was a William Martindale M.P. for Cumberland in the year 1446, in the reign of Henry VI. Query—"Is Mr. William Martindale of Hartsop a descendant?" The North Westmorland constituency has from time immemorial returned a Conservative member at the head of the poll, but this order was changed in 1900. The following are the results at various elections :—

December 3rd, 1885 :—

C. Hon. Wm. Lowther	...	2694
L. Sir James Whitehead	...	2684
		<hr/>
Majority	...	10
		<hr/>

July 13th, 1886 :—

C. Hon. Wm. Lowther	..	2748
L. Sir James Whitehead	...	2562
		<hr/>
Majority	...	186
		<hr/>

July 13th, 1892 :—

C. Sir Joseph Savory	...	2963
L. Mr. A. C. Tufton	...	2256
		<hr/>
Majority	...	707
		<hr/>

July 18th, 1895 :—

C.	Sir Joseph Savory	2950
L.	Mr. T. W. Fry	2077
			<hr/>
	Majority	...	873
			<hr/>

October 5th, 1900 :—

L.	Mr. Richard Rigg	2835
C.	Sir Joseph Savory	2256
			<hr/>
	Majority	..	579
			<hr/>

YEOMEN.

The following are a few of the yeomen in the early part of the nineteenth century :—

Joseph Amos.	William Atkinson.
James Brownrigg.	Lancelot Dobson.
William Mounsey.	John Dixon.
Lancelot Harrison.	

GOATS.

In the year 1800 there were numerous goats at Blowick.

RAINFALL.

It is a fact that wherever there are mountains there are certain changes of weather quite different to those which are experienced in more level places. The current of the wind is often changed

by the direction of the mountains, and the rainfall in consequence is greater. The following, which may be of interest to my readers, is the rainfall for Patterdale since the year 1879:--

PATTERDALE.

YEAR.		INCHES.	YEAR.		INCHES.
1879	...	67·37	1891	...	105·32
1880	...	75·62	1892	...	76·31
1881	...	85·05	1893	...	77·80
1882	...	100·00	1894	..	98·11
1883	...	105·63	1895	..	65·66
1884	...	90·00	1896	...	78·14
1885	...	87·72	1897	...	99·24
1886	...	93·79	1898	...	84·85
1887	...	58·88	1899	..	88·78
1888	...	85·39	1900	...	94·84
1889	...	61·16	1901	...	69·49
1890	...	73·86	1902	...	67·73
	Jan. 1903	...	16·73		
	Feb. 1903	...	15·71		

RUTHWAITE LODGE (GRISDALE).

1889	...	78·51	1896	...	99·14
1890	...	100·24	1897	...	127·63
1891	...	126·55	1898	...	109·65
1892	...	91·85	1899	...	108·92
1893	...	92·87	1900	...	113·23
1894	...	121·13	1901	...	78·85
1895	...	79·87	1902	..	70·44

EAGLES.

Eagles were at one time numerous in the district. The breeding range of the golden eagle is now restricted to the Highlands of Scotland, although the names "Eagle Crag" in Grisdale and "Eagle" in Glenridding denote their presence there in former years. The sea eagles also had an eyrie in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Clarke tells us that one day in the year 1795 he was out woodcock shooting, when he shot at a hare, but did not hit her as he believed. Keeping his eye on the hare, he saw an eagle seize her, and fly across Ullswater with her in his talons, and light upon the other side. One remarkable thing about these eagles was, that as soon as they heard the report of a gun, they immediately flew to the place, and often seized the fowler's victim if he had not been able to pick it up before the eagle's arrival. Mr. Clarke once robbed an eagle's nest at Patterdale, and found in it 35 fishes, 7 lambs, and other provision for the young ones.

The last eagle seen in the neighbourhood of Patterdale was about fifty years ago at Gelderd's Family Hotel.

HERONS.

The heron is to be seen in or about the streams, and is quite a common bird.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS, &c.

			FEET.
Helvellyn	3119
Fairfield	2863
St. Sunday Crag	2756
High Street	2663
Grisdale Pike	2593
Red Screes	2541
Place Fell	2154
Grisdale Pass	1929

ULLSWATER

is 380 feet above the level of the sea, and the greatest depth is over 200 feet.

BROTHERSWATER

is 520 feet above the level of the sea, and 70 feet in depth.

STORM.

Soon after midnight on Thursday, February 26th, 1903, a terrific storm of rain and wind swept down the valley of Patterdale. The gale really commenced about 2 a.m. on the Friday, and it was 10 a.m. before it ceased. The peaceful repose of the inhabitants was greatly disturbed. Slates were blown about in all directions, and a large number of fine trees were uprooted. The pressure of the wind actually blew in a window at one house.

One old man said it was the “most dreadful storm” that he could remember. Just about daybreak the scene was wild and terrific in the extreme, and those people who were obliged to be abroad found it no easy task to face the angry elements, but

Like reckless spirits bearing proud,
Before the tempest’s rage were bowed.

During a short lull in the storm there was heard a thrush singing beautifully, and seemingly enjoying it; while the poor mortals of human beings were trembling with fear, and praying for a calm. The feathered songsters can very often be heard having a concert of their own during a thunderstorm, as if to celebrate the occasion.

The illustrations were supplied by Mr. J. Lowe, Patterdale, and Mr. A. Pettit, Keswick.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Glossary.

THE Glossary is confined entirely to the district of Patterdale—viz.,

Barrow (*Sax.*, beorgh)—A hill.

Beck (*Sax.*, bek)—A brook, or stream.

Blea Wyke, or Blowick, or Bleawick—An inlet or bay where the blea-berry or whortle-berry abounds. The words “blea” describes the peculiar dark blue colour of the berry, and as the lake waters often assume the same tint, it is uncertain whether in this case the appellation should be referred to the water or the berry.

Cairn—A pile of stones, mostly artificial.

Cam (*Sax.*)—A hill, properly the crest of a hill.

Catchedicam—Probably the high-crested or high-topped hill where wild cats abounded. The old spelling was “Cats-de-cam.” The first spelling may be cold=woody, and the last is undoubtedly cam=crest.

Dal (*Danish*)—Dale, a valley.

Dod, Dodd.—A diminutive, applied to a smaller hill to distinguish it from a greater. For example—Hartsop Dod, Glenridding Dod, &c,

Fell—A mountain.

Force—A waterfall.

Fairfield (*Danish*, Faār-feld)—Sheep pasture.

Gill or Ghyll—A cleft in a mountain, or between two mountains.

Glencoin, Glencoyne, Glencoigne—"Cyna" in the Saxon is a cleft, so Glencoin is probably a reduplication of the same word.

Glenridding, Glenreuner—A flowing, roaring gill.

Grisdale Pike—From "gris," wild swine.

Hartsop—The hill of red deer.

Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair.

—*Wordsworth*.

Hause, Hawse.—The opening on the summit of a hill. For example—Boardale Hause.

Holme—An island.

Helvellyn—Hel=hill, gwal=well, lyn=lake. A hill that forms a wall or defence of the lake.

How (Tent)—Hill. Yak How (Oak Hill), Deer How, Brown How, Broad How.

Kirkstone—From the stone at the top of the Pass, which resembles the structure of a kirk or church.

This block—and you whose church-like frame
Gives to this savage pass its name.

—*Wordsworth*.

There was a cairn and Druid's altar near the
summit of this hill.

Nab—A neb or nose of a hill.

Pike—Hill. Grisdale Pike.

Sandwick, Sandwyke—A sandy inlet or bay.

Striding Edge—From “strid,” a step across.

Saint Sunday’s Crag, Holy Sunday’s Crag—A place where some religious rite had been observed.

Stybarrow—From “stye,” the wild boar; or from “stigi,” a way over the hill.

Swirrel Edge—Probably from the word “swirl.”

Tarn—A small lake amidst the mountains.

Thorp—A village, a small collection of houses. The same meaning belongs to the Norse word “garde,” which we find under the name of garth or guards.

Ton, Tûn.—The Anglians came from the Anglian kingdom of Northumbria. Their settlements may be known by the termination of “ton” or “tun,” which originally meant the enclosure or hedge either of a single farm or of a village, and survives to this day in the word “township.” Perhaps our little village (the township) is a remnant of bygone days.

Wordsworth and Ferguson’s *History of Westmorland* have been used for the compilation of this Glossary.

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